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SEPTEMBER 3, 1956

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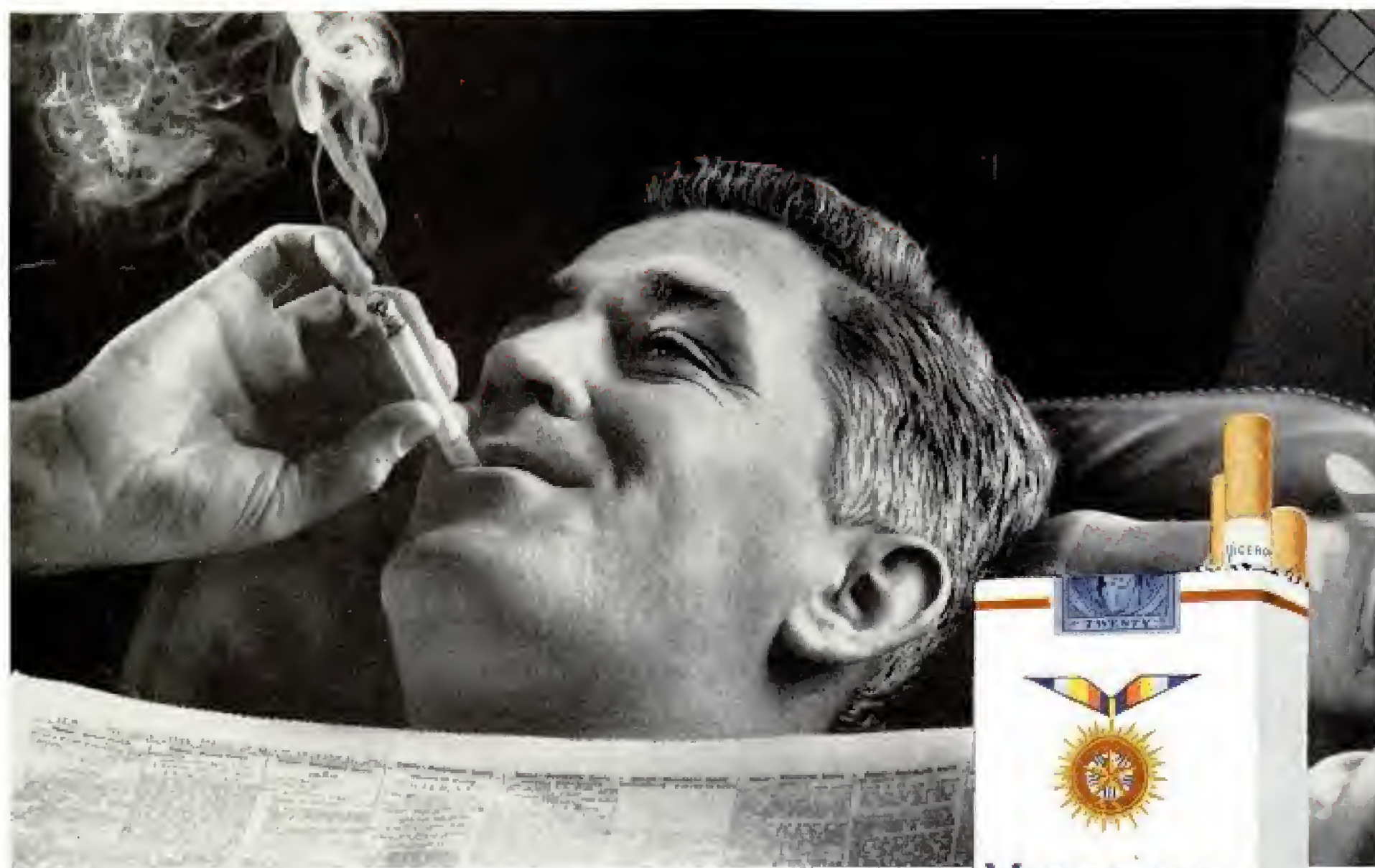
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as the other two
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20,000 filters in every tip to give you the smoothest taste in smoking!



How to avoid dry, shaggy "musk-ox hair"



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

The gentleman above braves the elements almost as much as his shaggy friend (and subjects his hair to drying showers and shampoos a good deal more). Yet he keeps his hair in excellent condition . . . and does it without messy oils.

He uses new Vitalis Hair Tonic.

Vitalis is 100% greaseless, thanks to V-7. This new grooming discovery has proved superior to leading cream oils and clear

oils. It keeps hair in place all day—yet you never have a plastered-down look.

Besides taming unruly hair, V-7 protects hair and scalp from dryness. Actually, new Vitalis Hair Tonic with V-7 maintains the hair's natural moisture balance better than any other leading tonic.

And Vitalis kills on contact germs many doctors associate with infectious dandruff.

Try new Vitalis. You'll like it.



"TISSUE TEST" PROVES GREASELESS VITALIS OUTDATES MESSY OILS. In an independent testing laboratory, Vitalis and leading cream and oil tonics were applied in the normal way. Hair was combed and then wiped with cleansing tissue. Untouched photographs above show the difference in results!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7.

This One



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There's a world of reassurance in a telephone call

"Don't forget to call us."

Trust the children to think of that...as if you'd forget!

A telephone call is a personal, satisfying way to let folks know you've arrived safely...to make sure things are running smoothly at home.

Also, when you travel, it's a good idea to call ahead for reservations. It's quick and easy to do. And the cost is small.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.



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| New York to Mount Pocono, Pa. | . 40¢ |
| Atlanta to Asheville, N.C. | 55¢ |
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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.



Yesterday's Life Insurance and today's

Poor old Great-grandfather had to stick pretty close to home under the terms of his life insurance policy.

Without written permission, he didn't dare travel west of the Mississippi; Indians might get his scalp. Nor could he venture South in the summer; malaria was rampant. Ocean travel was also banned; too dangerous.

Of course, there was a reason why insurance companies of a hundred years ago imposed so many restrictions. Everyday hazards of that era were much greater than today, and the average life span was 25 years shorter.

Thus insurance was written to stress a single need: protection

for the family if the breadwinner died. Usually Great-grandfather didn't know what it was to enjoy insurance benefits during his own lifetime.

REVOLUTION IN INSURANCE. What a difference today! Travel is safer; health has improved; the rate of industrial accidents has fallen sharply. Keeping pace with this progress, American insurance companies have lifted many of the old restrictions. Even more important, they have evolved a modern viewpoint toward the *function* of insurance that has resulted in new, liberalized policies.

This viewpoint, brought about by the needs of today's

IS DOING FOR AMERICA



COURTESY OF UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

Living Insurance are miles apart

families, is summed up in the two words *Living Insurance*.

ADVANTAGES OF LIVING INSURANCE. What does *Living Insurance* mean?

It means benefits for the living. Benefits for the policyholder while he lives. If he dies, benefits for the loved ones who live on after him.

Among other things, it means insurance you can use to strengthen your business—build toward your retirement—or send your children to college.

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Living Insurance today brings a new kind of financial security to over 103,000,000 Americans. Naturally, The Equitable is proud of its role in making this dynamic concept possible.

Living Insurance by Equitable

*The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
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Back so soon? (He's got The Hertz Idea)

Who's *he*? He's a smart businessman. Leaves his car at home, takes a plane or train, rents a Hertz car at his destination.

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next time or *any time* you need a car . . . call Hertz. We're listed under "H" in your local phone book. Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



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... where you save does make a difference

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MOTHER TURNS HER EGGS



FIRST CHINK ENABLES OSTRICH TO BREATHE AIR



HOLE IS ENLARGED BY POUNDING OF CHICK'S BEAK AND HEAD



HEAD BECOMES FREE

NECK STRETCHES OUT OF SHELL, TIPPING EGG OVER AS FIVE-HOUR HATCHING OF BABY OSTRICH NEARS ITS COMPLETION

FULLY EMERGED FROM ITS SHELL, THE



History of a Hatching: Chink to Chick

In Africa, U.S.A., a private preserve at Boca Raton, Fla., Photographer Wallace Litwin recently recorded an event that few human beings get a chance to observe: the hatching of an ostrich egg. Adult ostriches guard their nests zealously, take turns sitting and rotating the eggs to prevent the yolks from sticking to the shells. Litwin first drove off the parent

birds, then watched as a small crack appeared in the egg. At that point the hatching halted for an hour while the chick absorbed the yolk. This gave it the size and strength to break its shell and push out. For months the baby bird sticks close to its parents, depending on them for protection and for finding food which consists largely of ragweed, bits of shell and corn.

AS YOUNG OSTRICH UNCOILS INSIDE BROKEN SHELL

HOURS-OLD OSTRICH STANDS SHAKILY ON ITS LEGS



PAIR OF NEWLY HATCHED BIRDS TAKE COVER UNDER FEATHERS OF FATHER WHO HISSES AT INTRUDERS





Stomach **UPSET?**

Indigestion? Nausea? Diarrhea?

**Hospital Tests prove Pepto-Bismol works
where Soda and Alkalizers fail!**



1. Pepto-Bismol helps soothe in the stomach...where overdoses of soda and alkalizers may actually prolong the upset!

2. Pepto-Bismol also helps calm distress in the intestinal tract... where soda and alkalizers never help!

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes both the irritated stomach and intestinal walls with a gentle coating action. It helps retard gas formation; calm heartburn, nausea. Hospital tests also prove it controls simple diarrhea—without constipating. No wonder Pepto-Bismol is America's leading family remedy for upset stomach!

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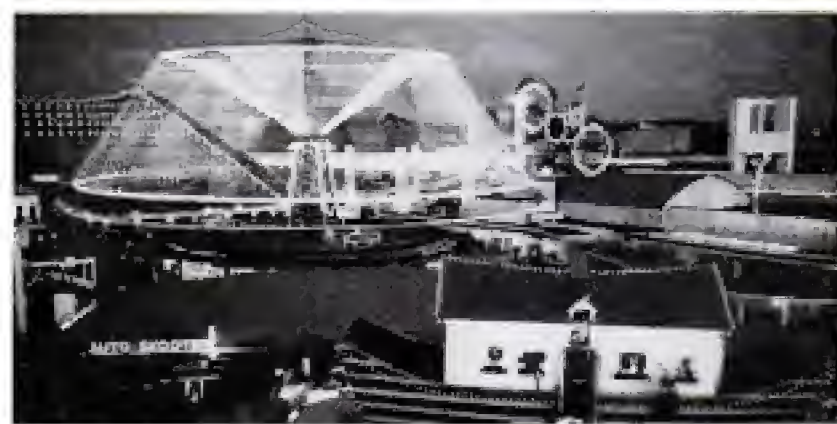


Take Hospital Tested

Pepto-Bismol®

...and feel good again!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



BLACKPOOL LIT UP AT TWILIGHT. LEFT CENTER, WHIRLING AIRPLANE RIDE

MECCA FOR FUN

Sirs:

Really enjoyed your Blackpool article ("Mecca for Fun and Sunners," *LIFE*, Aug. 13). As a GI bride and a professional dancer I played at the Blackpool theaters many times.

One thing you forgot to picture: the famous Blackpool lights (above), a thing people travel miles to see.

Mrs. DORRIS KIRCHICK
Chester, Pa.

BUFFOONS OF BASEBALL

Sirs:

Marshall Smith's tragedy of errors entitled "The Boy Buffoons of Baseball" (*LIFE*, Aug. 13) is the most cheap and degrading article I have ever read.

Our Pirates are a group of fine young men. They play hard and are deserving of credit, not ridicule.

JANE MALLOY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Marshall Smith wrote the baseball classic of the year.

For me it was rather rugged reading. Recovering from recent chest surgery, I hurt when I laugh. As the article packed an average of three laughs per paragraph, I really felt bruised.

ROBERT C. BENNETT
St. Albans, N.Y.

Sirs:

You referred to the first larrage of beer cans in Forbes Field since 1948. Beer is not sold in Forbes Field.

MICHAEL B. MOSKOW
Woodmere, N.Y.

• Although beer is banned at Forbes Field, the fans buy it outside and smuggle it into the ball park.—ED.

REBELS ON ROCK PILE

Sirs:

Georgians must indeed be proud of a prison which approaches Dachau and Yokuta in barbarity ("Rebels on Rock Pile," *LIFE*, Aug. 13). Those farcical recommendations of the legislative committee could not have been more ludicrous had they directed that Deputy Warden Smith be sent to bed without supper.

CONRAD H. BENNER
East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

I think *LIFE* should have explicitly mentioned that this is a prison for incorrigibles and not an ordinary jail. I feel you were also remiss in not publishing that out of the 12-hour work day the prisoners get two half-hour breaks and a two-hour lunch period!

MURDER B. BROWN
Smyrna, Ga.

A PEAK FOR PORTRAITS

Sirs:

As one of the artists represented in your story on portrait painting ("A Peak for Portraits," *LIFE*, Aug. 13), I wish to challenge your opening statement that "portraiture as a fine art... is all but dead."

In today's art world, unfortunately, the artistic fashion is not to understand what one sees on a canvas. Only "expressing one's self"—"emoting" all over a canvas (no matter how obscure, confusing, or bad the technique) is considered a superior and creative form of art, while interpretations of nature (i.e., portrait paintings), no matter how excellently done, are considered mere examples of "copying" and craftsmanship.

Actually, true portraiture is the most subtle and difficult of all creative accomplishments!

SURELY FRIEND
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Your examples smacked of the Victorian, and the sharp buyer would be smart to shop. There are exciting new techniques. The day of the embalmed dummy in brown gray is over.

CLARE JACOBY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

LIFE's statements concerning the prices for my work are quite inaccurate. Instead of receiving \$3,000 for a group of two, my lowest fee is \$4,500. For larger groups, I command a much larger fee.

JOHN KOCH
New York, N.Y.

SUEZ SEIZURE

Sirs:

Mr. Dulles' refusal of financial aid to Egypt for the construction of the

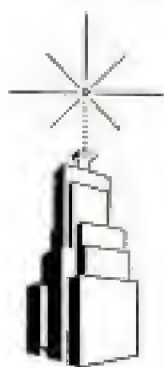
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the plans for a great soaring building
... a miracle vaccine ... a vast new
business. But first he'll need knowledge.
What about your youngsters?
A **MONEY** policy can supply the money
they'll need for college. The cost?
Much less than you might think.*



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Green Fair
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Orange flashing Rain
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Why will the men of the 1956 United States Olympic Team wear these new Thom McAns?

WHY DID the U. S. Olympic Committee come to Thom McAn, instead of to some other leading shoe manufacturer, for the shoes our athletes will wear?

First, they liked the *style* of these Thom McAn shoes, that go so well with the smart dress and travel uniforms of our Olympic Team. Both shoes have The Long Low Look pioneered by Thom McAn. Both are made of soft, lustrous black leather, to take a brilliant polish.

Next, they liked their *comfort* and *fit*, because it's vital to keep our

Olympic stars' feet in tip-top shape. Both shoes use a special heel-hugging last that gives you *positive fit* no matter how you turn and twist your foot.

They also liked their *lighter weight*—because both of these low-cut shoes weigh up to *half a pound less per pair* than ordinary shoes!

Are you going to be in the market for new shoes soon? Ask to see the Thom McAn shoes that will be worn by our Olympic athletes this year—Thom McAn Jaguars and Roman Cross-Straps—only \$8.95 a pair!

Thom McAn

690 Thom McAn Stores Coast-to-Coast
Also available in Montgomery Ward Stores

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Asian Dam was generally considered in most circles as a brilliant political move: Mr. Nasser, by such, was put in the "check" position ("Suez Seizure Arouses West," LIFE, Aug. 13). Actually, even the most casual observer of foreign affairs could see the imminent danger involved. Again the West failed to check the past performance of its opponent.

When Mr. Nasser denied the Suez Canal to Israeli shipping the West didn't put up a whimper of dissent. When Nasser purchased arms from Russia (then believed to be another country) they reacted similarly. What did Mr. Dulles expect from the Egyptian leader, a bouquet of roses?

JOSEPH H. LEMIEUX

Roxbury, Mass.

SUEZ EDITORIAL

Sirs:

In this time of sneaky confusion of purposes and promises, we were most happy to see your extremely apt and realistic appraisal of the views of Lebanon's great and experienced statesman and educator, Charles Malik ("Suez—Chess and Morale," LIFE, Aug. 13).

However, the university at which Dr. Malik is now dean of graduate studies is the American University of Beirut, not the University of Beirut.

WALKER G. EVERETT

New York, N.Y.

GLENN MILLER

Sirs:

Your story of the reunion of old college classmates of Glenn Miller was fine ("In Memory of Glenn Miller," LIFE, Aug. 13). I am the Jack Bunch shown in the old picture who you said "was substituting for trumpeter Bob Roller."

The picture was not taken in 1925 but about 1½ years earlier. Also it is impossible that I substituted for Bob Roller since Roller did not join the band until later. I was a member of the original band for over a year and there were no substitutes.

Glenn and I were roommates at school and I remember those days well. He was a very serious student except in just one subject. He flunked music! This doesn't mean he was not intensely interested in music. He just did not like to study the subject.

Jack Bunch

Hollywood, Calif.

ADLAI SEWS IT UP

Sirs:

I wish to commend you on your article, "Smiling Adlai Sews It Up" (LIFE, Aug. 13). It gave a clear view on how the Democratic candidates for nomination stand, even tying it down so far as to tell how much they paid for hotel rooms.

Your excellent article leaves no doubt in my mind who the future president of the U.S. will be. And so my coonskin cap is lifted to that sure-fire politician, that person of 28 TV moods, the next president of our country, Betty Furness.

Richard Muller

Royal Oak, Mich.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Carl Rose for his monumental illustration of the Democratic convention hall. His brilliant caricatures have finally been united with his curanny skill for

drawing people so that every one is in a different, distinctive pose.

ROBERT POLLACK

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why are you labeling a cartoon of former mayor of Philadelphia Joseph S. Clark "Rep. Clark"?

We hope that Mr. Clark will be elected to the United States Senate in November. However, he has never been a representative.

JOHN MYERS

Philadelphia, Pa.

● LIFE's sketch carried the face of Philadelphia's Joseph Sall Clark Jr., but gave him the title held by Congressman Frank M. Clark of Bessemer, Pa.—ED.

WORLD'S WEEK

Sirs:

Was Albert Warden the last Union soldier (A Look at the World's Week, LIFE, Aug. 13)? I have a clipping that says Louis Nicholas Baker, 110, of Guthrie, Okla., enlisted in the Union Army June 1861 at Harlan, Ill., was mustered into the service at St. Louis and was honorably discharged at Chattanooga, Tenn. June 20, 1861.

So the Union Army still lives.

SAUL E. SCHWARTZ

Harlan, Pa.

● The Army Adjutant General's office investigated the story and denied it.—ED.

PROSPERITY, PONIES

Sirs:


When I read your article, "A Galloping Popularity for the Pony" (LIFE, Aug. 13), I first saw the children sliding off the rumps of those ponies. Don't they know better than to teach kids to do that? Some ponies may put up with that kind of stuff but not many will. Our pony will stand it, but a lot of kids, when they find a pony they can do that to, do it far too much and soon their pony will develop many bad manners.

As for backyard racing, how can you call that racing in a place no bigger than these lots are today? We have a 16-acre field in which our pony only gets going good before we have to slow down to turn around.

For cleaning his feet we have a regular horse foot knife.

ANN NATHANSON

Pittsboro, Ind.

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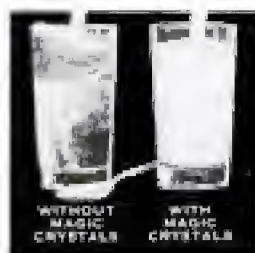
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New Carnation "Magic Crystals" Milk Discovery



This is the one that's delicious for drinking because this is the one with Magic Crystals. Only Carnation Instant is freshest, pasteurized nonfat milk in actual tiny crystals... Magic Crystals that burst into fresh milk flavor instantly, even in ice-cold water! Ready to drink. Ready instantly for cereals, cooking, baking—no special recipes needed! Rich in all the protein, calcium and B-vitamins of freshest, whole milk.

Discover today how Carnation Instant, the only Magic Crystals Milk Discovery, gives you fresh milk flavor—all you want, any time, instantly—at great savings to you!



Prove the difference yourself!

Only Carnation Magic Crystals mix *instantly*, in ice-cold water, with just a light stir. Powdery concentrates do not.

Only Carnation Magic Crystals mix *completely*. Ready to drink, freshly delicious. No powdery, undissolved residue.



*For Drinking,
Cooking,
Baking...*

**Saves 1/2 on
Milk Bills**

In Convenient 3-Qt. and
Economical 8-Qt. Sizes





PRAYERFUL END TO G.O.P. VOTE OF CONFIDENCE ROUSING RALLY FOR IKE AND DICK

The cheers died away, the music fell silent, the President and Mrs. Eisenhower and the Nixons, with 15,000 others in San Francisco's Cow Palace, bowed their heads in benediction. In a rare moment of quiet thus ended the centennial convention of the Republican party—a convention which in its final stirring session became a tribute to the man who had led the party to victory and welded it into its greatest demonstration of unity.

The Republicans had, in fact, come to San Francisco with no purpose other than to renominate the winning candidates of four years before. The delegates dutifully attended the well-staged sessions, interspersed with a round of elegant parties (pp. 16, 17), including one

given by Governor Goodwin Knight of California for 8,000 guests and lubricated with 4,720 quarts of champagne. Amid such euphoria Harold Stassen's dump-Nixon effort scarcely raised a ripple (p. 24).

From the beginning, the Republican tactics were to put their show into sharpest possible contrast to the extreme partisanship and bombast of some Democratic orators. Keynoter Arthur Langlie, governor of Washington, set the tone with a calm recital of Administration claims, including record employment, rising farm prices and peace. Of the major speeches, Tom Dewey's was the most slashing attack on the opposition (p. 25).

With his own eloquent and patently sincere

acceptance speech the President newly showed himself as a man eager and able to be the active political leader and the prophet for his party (Editorial, p. 32). "The Republican party," he said, "is the party of the future . . . the party of long-range principle, not short-term expediency. . . . Republicans have proved that it is possible for a government to have a warm, sensitive concern for the everyday needs of people, while steering clear of the paternalistic 'Big-Brother-is-watching-you' kind of interference. . . . True, things are going well, but there are thousands of things still to be done. . . . out of our time there can, with incessant work and with God's help, emerge a new era of good life, good will and good hope for all men."



CHAMPAGNE AND ELEGANT PARTIES



SYMBOLIC TWOSOME, a baby elephant named Dolly and a tall tusker made of 20,000 gray-dyed daisies adorn a giant reception in the Civic Auditorium.



ROSY OUTLOOK for the party in 1956, is the theme of a lavish, rose-strewn St. Francis Hotel buffet given by women's division of Citizens-for-Eisenhower.



AN ELEGANT TIME was had by almost all the convention-goers at an unending series of parties. Here milk-coated ladies ponder the array of hors d'oeuvres.

AT THE TEA IN HER HONOR, MRS. NIXON GREETES MRS. GOODWIN KNIGHT



AND ALSO SOME INFORMAL GAIETY



in a candlelit room of the Mark Hopkins Hotel during a reception given for Mrs. Richard Nixon by the wife of Republican Party Chairman Leonard Hall.

GUESTS AT GOVERNOR KNIGHT'S BIG PARTY SIP CHAMPAGNE ON STAIRS



FESTIVE REMINDER of the 1920s gets an airing as a raccoon-coated cheerleader works in a shower of confetti at an airport rally for Vice President Nixon.



LOFTY LUNCHEON at the Top of the Mark gives the Republican committee women and guest, Mrs. Goodwin Knight (second from right), a handsome view.

CONTINUED

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A GREAT AMERICAN POLITICAL SPECTACLE UNFOLDS AS 12,000 EAGER REPUBLICANS GATHER BENEATH PORTRAITS OF THEIR LEADERS IN COW PALACE.



A COLOR GUARD, 200 "YOUNG REPUBLICANS," EACH WITH AN AMERICAN FLAG, FILL THE AISLES FOR PARADE. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE STATE FLAGS



GIRLISH TOUCH decorates the convention. Waving pom-poms, the parade above, part of a squad of 125, ran noisily through the aisles. Below is a floor exhibit of stick-to-itiveness to Eisenhower.



SENTIMENTAL OVATION greets the man who, for a quarter-century, had been the Democrats' whipping boy, former President Hoover, 82. To delegates, who cheered for six minutes, he was a hero.

ing boy, former President Hoover, 82. To delegates, who cheered for six minutes, he was a hero.



CABINET MEETING on platform finds Secretary Marion Folsom of Health, Education and Welfare speaking. Clockwise from Weeks, Commerce (bold, back to camera), are Mitchell, Labor; Seaton, In-

terior; Lodge, United Nations; Summerfield, Post Office; Brownell, Justice; Wilson, Defense; Hoover, Undersecretary of State; Humphrey, Treasury; Adams, White House staff; Benson, Agriculture.



PARADE OF PRESIDENTS was part of a Citizens for Eisenhower rally. Lincoln and Rutherford B. Hayes wave from 1851 Sierra City Gold Freighter wagon (left),



while Teddy Roosevelt rides in a 1908 Buick. Calvin Coolidge was impersonated by Bill Moore, aged 15, and his wife Grace by Cathy Stevenson, aged 14.



PRESENT-DAY RECALL OF A 100-YEAR PAST

In addition to its other business, the G.O.P. celebrated the 100th anniversary of its first convention. The past was recalled by a parade in which the illustrious Republican Presidents of the past were impersonated by young Eisenhower supporters riding in vintage vehicles.

Throughout the sessions Republican girls enlivened proceedings with their high jinks. But the real living link between the past and the present was the appearance of the party's only living former President, Herbert Hoover, and a former standard bearer, Thomas E. Dewey.



FORMER PRESIDENT Herbert Hoover at 82 addressed a Republican convention for the seventh time at the personal request of President Eisenhower. He told delegates he spoke "to remind this convention of its historic responsibilities to keep alive the principles and safeguards of freedom in the face of alien ideas."



FORMER CANDIDATE Thomas E. Dewey agreed ostentatiously with his old opponent Harry Truman "that Mr. Stevenson could not win" and the country should not "risk a trial-and-error administration." He said: "Once again we have a government that our people can trust and . . . which trusts the people."



AFTER PRESIDENT'S NAME IS PUT IN NOMINATION, 3,300 MARCHERS, INCLUDING CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR "GOODY" KNIGHT (LIGHT SUIT, CENTER), PARADE, AFTER



CHASING BALLOONS, the convention's very important people provide an engaging interlude during



a demonstration for the President, Joe Martin, the convention chairman (left), deftly catches one. The

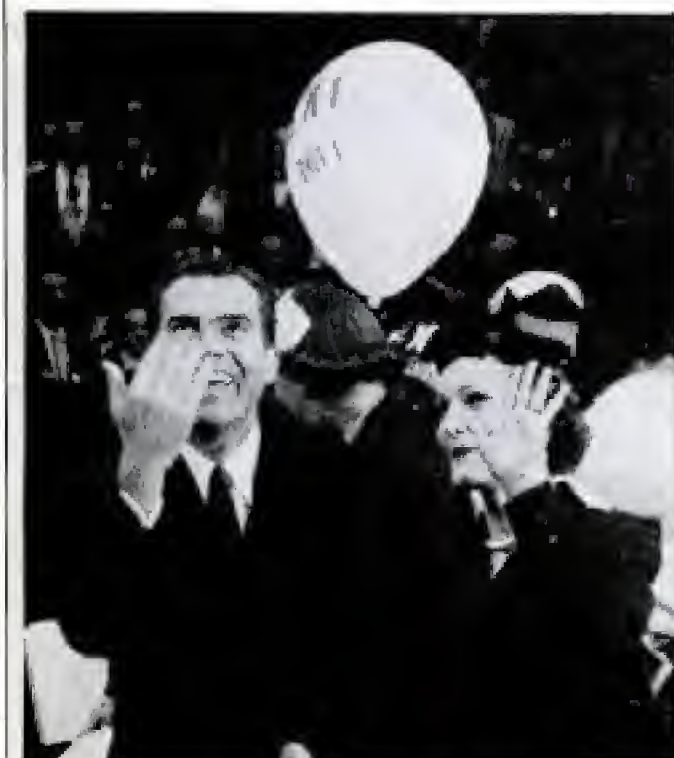


President, with a delighted grin, snatches one, tosses it away and awaits another. Vice President Nixon





22 MINUTES, WORRIED FIRE MARSHALS HALTED IT



hats one up as his wife Pat fends off another. Cigarettes soon set the balloons to popping like gunfire.



BARRAGE OF BALLOONS, some 2,600 of them, in red, white and blue, rain from the Cow Palace

rafters as the President and Mrs. Eisenhower (lower right) first make their appearance on the platform.

THE DOOMED EFFORT OF MR. STASSEN



A SOLITARY CAMPAIGNER. Harold Stassen came to the convention determined to press his drive to block the renomination of Vice President Nixon. Though widely ignored by party pros, he pushed his campaign with a series of TV interviews (left). But after a conference with the President, he reversed himself.



He had decided, he said sadly at a press conference (center), after many conversations, that Nixon was the overwhelming choice of the convention, and he was suspending his efforts to displace the Vice President. So saying, he strode to the rostrum and seconded (right) the nomination of the man he had opposed.



THE PRESIDENT AS A WORKING POLITICIAN



LEM JONES JR., MO.



REP. WILLIAM MAILLIARD, CALIF.



MRS. MARY WHEELER, MASS.



JACK SPEIDEN, ARIZ.

A HELPING HAND to congressional candidates was lent by President Eisenhower who demonstrated in San Francisco a new mastery of politics. Eager to be in

action, he came a day earlier than he had originally planned. Once he arrived he pitched into politicking with real zest. To further the election of a Republican

THE MECHANICS OF STAGE MANAGING



IN THE SPOTLIGHT at every session, George Murphy, a former movie actor turned public relations director of MGM, directed the music with a series of attention-getting cues. Using a set of arm signals, he called in the orchestra at will. Raised forefingers told it to be ready to play in 30 seconds; holding up his



right arm and pointing with his forefinger signaled it to start playing; palm down indicated a muted tempo. While Murphy managed to keep the orchestra on schedule, the orators gave him a hard time. "Some day I'm going to run a convention the right way," he said, "with a trap door right under the speakers."

THE WINNING WAYS OF MR. NIXON



A SMOOTH OPERATOR, the Vice President, leaving nothing to chance, moved from one meeting to another with state delegations. He had breakfast with delegates from Massachusetts where his wife Pat was greeted by the man who would nominate him, Governor Herter. He palavered with delegates from Pennsylvania



(center) headed by Senators Duff and Martin, and dined with the New York delegation (right), including former Governor Dewey and National Chairman Hall. When the roll was called for vice-presidential balloting, he became the unanimous choice of the convention, in spite of a candidate named Joe Smith (below).



ROBERT McCOLLUM, COLO.



LOUISE SHADDUCK, IDAHO



JOHN CRUTCHER, KAN.



REP. HENRY DIXON, UTAH

Congress, he posed with congressional candidates for pictures which would later be used to help their campaigns. Asked at his press conference to comment on

the fall congressional elections, he answered, "Our country will be best served when the White House and Congress are both run by the same political party."

THE SURPRISING STORY OF JOE SMITH



A NEBRASKA MAVERICK, Terry Carpenter, delegate from Scottsbluff, who used to be a Democrat, gave the convention its biggest surprise and its biggest laughs. When the roll call for vice-presidential nominations reached Nebraska he made his chairman, Mrs. George Abel, announce (left) that he would nominate



"Joe Smith." George Murphy (center) tried to shush him and when the press crowded around him, blocking the aisles, he was hustled off (right). Later he admitted his "Joe Smith" was fictitious, but within the next 24 hours he got 45 wires from Joe Smiths all over the country who were ready and willing to run.





A FAMILY CRISIS confronted Vice President Nixon. His father became critically ill day before Nixon was to be nominated. Nixon left for visit home (left).



As father improved, Nixon and wife Pat, shown with daughters (above), headed back to the convention. After it, Nixon returned to be with mother, Hannah, 71.

THE PRESIDENT AND SEVEN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY ACKNOWLEDGE THE CONVENTION'S CHEERS. FROM LEFT ARE SON JOHN AND WIFE BARBARA, MRS. EDGAR



Republicans CONTINUED

THE GRIN OF HEALTH ON DAIS AND OFF TEE

A smiling President on the dais and a smiling President on the tee at California's Cypress Point provided the G.O.P. with its best news. Ike's fit appearance met the issue which worried delegates most: his health. The Vice President also scored a triumph. In spite of a personal sorrow—his father's illness—he managed a calm and statesmanlike acceptance speech. But for the delegates, who regard Nixon as one of the party's most effective campaigners, his most heartening pledge was to "carry the message of this administration across the land . . . and work for an even greater victory in 1956."



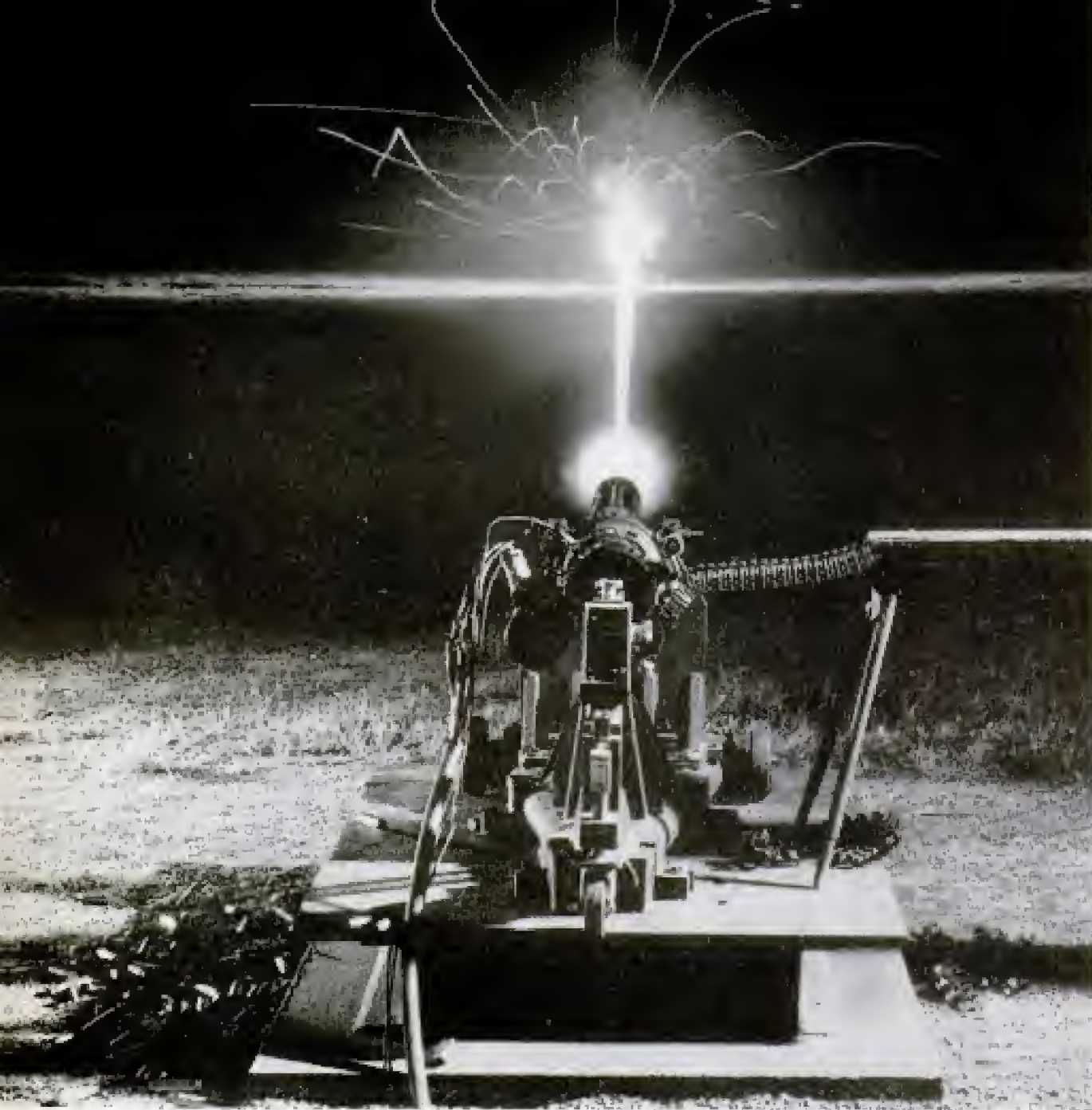
A RELAXED CANDIDATE grins happily beneath a tan golf cap before teeing off at tough Cypress Point

course. He then drove 210 yards, played 18 holes, using a Goldmobile, on each of his first two days out.

EISENHOWER, BROTHER EARL, MRS. EISENHOWER AND THE PRESIDENT. BROTHER EDGAR IS PARTLY OBSCURED BY BARBARA, MRS. EARL EISENHOWER BY MAMIE



A LOOK AT



THE GATLING GUN IN MODERN DRESS

The Department of Defense unveiled a new version of the old Gatling gun, the 19th Century weapon with rotating barrels which was made obsolete by the machine gun. The new

General Electric gun, here spattering 20-mm shells off the target, has six rotating barrels which can deliver an estimated 8,000 rounds per minute. It will be mounted in jet fighters.



A DUNKING FOR DIANA

During a party at her Beverly Hills home, British Movie Actress Diana Dore found herself unexpectedly in the pool with her agent, Louis Shurr (left), and guest Howard Sloop. Her husband—who also got wet—later accused a photographer of pushing them in and punched him in the nose.



COMMITTEE WITH PLAN

In London, the Suez Canal conference ended with 48 of the 22 nations present approving Secretary of State Dulles' plan for international control. To negotiate the plan with Egypt, a committee was chosen consisting of (left to right) Dulles (later replaced by Loy Henderson), Australia's

THE WORLD'S WEEK



ARTIE IN THE DOGHOUSE

Adlai Stevenson's Dalmatian, King Arthur, who was so happy to see his master return from the Democratic convention (LIFE, Aug. 27), suffered an unhappy sequel. "Artie" bit a neighbor's boy on the leg and, though the boy forgave him, he was locked up for a rabies test.

LONG VOYAGE FOR HOMES

Two old houses which had been remodeled for a Cleveland exhibit were sold for \$2,000 each to a man who wanted them moved to Huron, Ohio, 50 miles away. To get them there he had them towed over Lake Erie aboard a barge. Total cost of the eight-hour voyage was \$10,000.



FOR A SUEZ SOLUTION

Robert Gordon Menzies, Sweden's Gunnar Hagglof, Ethiopia's Ato Akilou Abte Wold, Iran's Ali Gholi Ardalan. The plan would now go to Nasser, but up to this point, by his insistence on peaceful offers rather than warlike risks, Dulles had reached the peak of his prestige abroad.



AN AIRLIFT FOR AN AIRPLANE

Testing a new technique for rescuing downed planes, the Army attached a special rig to an empty Cessna monoplane, then hooked it onto a Sikorsky helicopter which airlifted the Cessna 350 miles from San Marcos, Tex., to Fort Sill, Okla. With a stop for refueling the flight took six hours.

A SHOW-OFF MOONSHINER WHO LIKED GREEN INK AND CUTE LAWN STATUES



POLICE FILE contains routine portraits of LaMarca, whose signature, in green ink, is shown as he

wrote it on other official documents. Writing characteristics include intensely slanted M, ill-defined r.

As criminal records go, that of Angelo LaMarca was thoroughly unremarkable. Two years ago he had been caught operating a grubby little moonshine still and been let off with a suspended 90-day sentence. But that was all.

LaMarca did have some odd quirks—such as his penchant for writing in green ink and for



A CUTE TASTE in statuary led LaMarca to ornament his new lawn with this kind of art—a plaster

A CRINGING KIDNAPER WHO LEFT HIS HELPLESS VICTIM TO PERISH

The kidnaper had left only one clue when he took the Weinberger infant from his home in Westbury, seven miles from the LaMarca home. By the carriage was a handwritten note demanding \$2,000 ransom. "I hate to do this to you," it said, "but I'm in great need." In the days that followed there was a rash of crank letters. But one letter, again demanding ransom and



CONFESSED KIDNAPER LaMarca (center), wearing coveralls, cringes as he is spun roughly toward

photographers in Nassau County Police Headquarters by Chief Inspector Stuyvesant A. Pinnell (left).



HAGGARD PARENTS of the baby tell reporters after LaMarca arrest that "we are still praying. . ."

cluttering up his lawn with pretentious statuary. But these could be explained as the efforts of a drab little man to set himself apart. Even his bright new split-level house, in a subdivision at Plainview on Long Island, was a show-off thing, in the sense that he couldn't afford it. It had cost \$14,900 and the mortgage

had become the major part of a strangling web of indebtedness.

Other people who lived on the block did not know of the bootlegging conviction, which happened before LaMarca moved to Plainview. They knew that he worked long hours to hold down his two jobs, as a cab mechanic and a

furniture mover, and they regarded him as an amiable, right-thinking neighbor. For example, when one-month-old Peter Weinberger was kidnaped from a neighboring town (L.A., July 23), LaMarca showed a normal parental reaction. "I hope," he bitterly told a neighbor, "that the kidnaper gets what's coming to him."



dwarf (left) wheeling a flower box, a cupid which spills water into birdbath when faucet is turned on.



HIS FAMILY seemed the center of LaMarca's life. Mrs. LaMarca, who knew how hard he worked to

meet his obligations, said he had been "depressed about bills." Children are Vincent, 9, Vivian, 6,

showing the same penmanship quirks visible in the first, was spotted as authentic.

The FBI began an examination of some two million handwriting specimens in an effort to match the lettering quirks. The search moved ploddingly through auto license bureaus and other public agencies in the area and came at last to a federal office where persons who are

on probation must file periodic written reports. Here the telltale handwriting was found—in the case file of moonshiner LaMarca.

Confronted with the evidence, he told his story. He had gone cruising in his car in search of an unattended baby, any baby, to kidnap. When he saw Mrs. Weinberger go indoors, he made his move. The next day he drove by the

Weinberger house before going on to pick up the money at the place he had designated. The large gathering of reporters and police present sent him into a panic. He took the baby off and abandoned him, still alive, in a thicket three blocks from the LaMarca house. There (below) the investigators last week completed the last heartbreaking step in solving this cruel crime.



CONFIRMING THE CRIME, detective (left) shows reporters where decomposed body was found. Entire slab of earth was removed to preserve evidence.



AWAITING THE BODY, a police emergency and rescue truck stands by. Inside the truck is container in which Peter Weinberger's body was taken away.

IKE, ADLAI AND AMERICAN ARDOR

"When America loses its ardor for mankind," said Woodrow Wilson, "it is time to elect a Democratic President." In quoting this in his acceptance speech, Adlai Stevenson added, "There doesn't appear to be much ardor for anything in America just now." Setting aside Wilson's obsolete advice, is Stevenson's statement true?

Among all nations, America is the only one whose very founding idea was an ardor for all mankind. In older times certain states have fought in the name of a supernatural religion, and in modern times supernatural ideologies like Communism have claimed a world mission. But the U.S., uniquely among nations, has always regarded its own national existence as bound up with the rights of all men. This ardor is symbolized, as one Republican orator pointed out last week, by the fact that thrice in this century we have sent Americans overseas to fight for other men's liberty. And of course its greatest expression was in a Civil War where 618,000 American lives were paid that all Americans might be free and equal.

There are signs that this ardor for mankind may be diminishing in America. The young people, who once expressed it most fiercely, are unusually quiet these days. Sociologist David Riesman's "mass society" threatens to make all Americans voiceless replicas of one another. "Liberation" is a dwindling issue; there was little talk among Americans of trying to aid the Poznan rebels. At times the price of unprecedented prosperity has seemed to be a national complacency, the sort of mood the Marines used to characterize with their translation of *Semper fi* as "I've got mine, pal." Does all this really represent the American Spirit of 1956? The question can only be answered in each individual's secret heart. He must ask his own conscience: "Do I as an American feel any great ardor for mankind?" If he cannot honestly settle this question in his own mind he had better pay attention to what the presidential candidates are saying, and see whether either Ike or Adlai can arouse in him any crusading spirit.

Well, what are the candidates saying? Adlai says, "Once we were not ashamed in this country to be idealists. Once we were proud to confess that an American is a man who wants peace, who believes in a better future, and who loves

his fellow man." He claims that under Ike America "no longer sparks and flames and gives off new ideas and initiatives." But it is Ike himself who attacks smugness when "thousands of things still need to be done," and who sees "careers for all the young crusaders we can produce or find. We want them all!" To meet the challenge of "the vast social revolution that is sweeping the world," Adlai demands "new programs . . . to turn the violent forces of change to the side of freedom." Ike pledges to help "other nations to realize their own potentialities. . . . There can be no enduring peace for any nation while other nations suffer privation, oppression and a sense of injustice and despair. . . ."

Adlai says "our lights are dimmed" and quotes Carlyle: "We chat complacently of this and that while . . . death and eternity sit glaring." Ike quotes Ibsen: "I hold that man is in the right who is most clearly in league with the future," and argues that "the Republican party is the party of the future." Adlai says the Republican party "is a house divided" (but see below); Ike says the tormented world is a house divided, and as for his party, it "draws people together, not drives them apart." Hoping for more and more daylight through the Iron Curtain, Ike quotes what Lincoln added to his famous house-divided statement and adds, "We must have this vision, the fighting spirit, and the deep religious faith in our Creator's destiny for us, to sound a similar note of promise for our divided world; that out of our time there can, with incessant work and with God's help, emerge a new era of good life, good will and good hope for all men."

All in all, Ike sounds like a man the Wilsonian idealist Adlai could cheerfully vote for, while Adlai himself expounds the American Proposition in a manner worthy of Wilson, and with equal ardor. No one can answer the question whether the American people still possess ardor, or whether the candidates can arouse it. But we earnestly urge the candidates to go on trying, staying on the high ground they have taken. For ardor is essential to the American destiny and to the completion of what Wilson himself called our "tedious climb . . ." to "those great heights where there shines unobstructed the light of the justice of God."

THE NEW REPUBLICAN HARMONY

Much as Dwight Eisenhower has done for the U.S., he has done even more for (and to) the Republican party. The degree of unity displayed at San Francisco last week would have been unthinkable at any other time in a generation. Sure it was a "closed" convention, but to make it "open" would have required more phony contriving than Len Hall is capable of and more stage management than George Murphy's. On every issue, including Nixon, the Republicans' unity was not imposed from above; it welled up from the ranks.

Figures who once symbolized passionate Republican factions, such as Dewey and Bricker, were mellowly acclaimed by former enemies, the old scars healed. Bob Taft's shade was summoned, but in gentle nostalgia, not in battle; and in full knowledge that he died one of Eisenhower's closest friends. The big issues that long split the Republicans (such as isolationism) have grown obsolete. But an equally important reason for all the new sweetness and light is Dwight Eisenhower himself.

Eisenhower, formerly a great general and diplomat, is now a great politician, the greatest in the land. He who only recently disdained politics has taken to his new profession with the gusto of Franklin Roosevelt. For weeks he has been deep in campaign strategy. Len Hall has been a constant caller.

The Republican convention showed how Eisenhower has captured the party and put his progressive stamp on it.

The old guard is disappearing. Bud Kelland and Mason Owlett are off the new National Committee. The new members, the new state chairmen, and the congressional candidates are increasingly Eisenhower men. The Helen Hokinson types have given way to a bunch of young housewives known as Len Hall's chorus line. As veteran convention-goers know, Republicans have always seemed to look more alike than Democrats do. Even when split, they were an outward stamp of middle-class conformity. This year they are not split, and the conformity is with Eisenhower.

Republicans can be almost as undisciplined and centrifugal as Democrats and will doubtless prove it when Congress meets again. Last week's phenomenal unity will not be intact after Nov. 6. But more of it will survive than Republicans have known for decades. For it represents something more than political lip service to a popular vote-getter. When Eisenhower entered the Cow Palace last week, the excitement was not that of a crowd of horse-players. It was that of professional politicians who love and revere their leader, who like his policies, and who are proud to belong to the Eisenhower party. That's something new.



Designed by Bergdorf Goodman

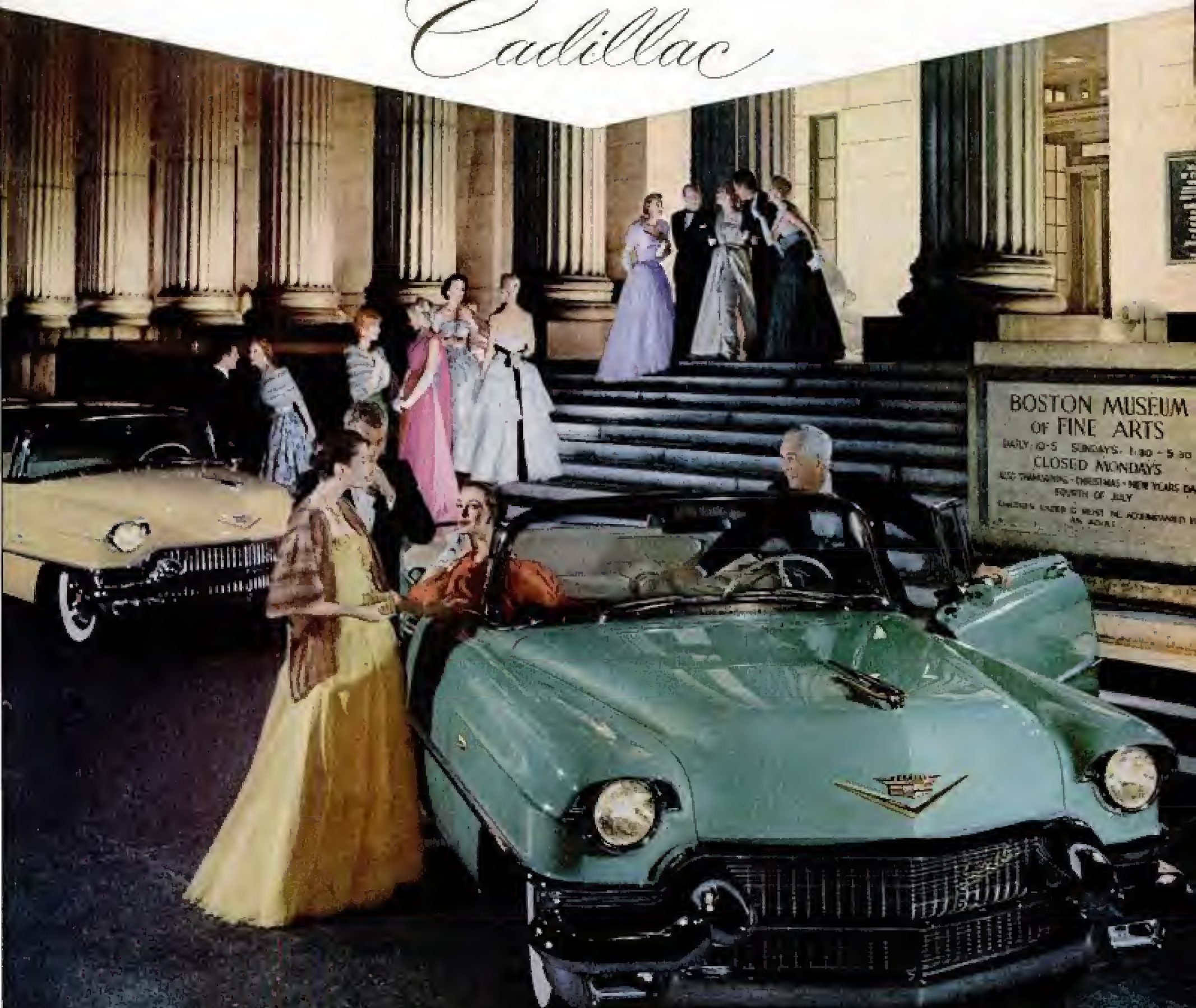


During the current year, Cadillac has welcomed a greater number of new owners to its motoring family than ever before in history. There are, we think, two basic reasons for this happy circumstance. To begin with, the temptation has never before been as great as it is today. The car is beautiful . . . and luxurious . . . and fine in performance to an unprecedented degree. And, secondly, the facts

about Cadillac's practicality have never been more difficult to resist. For it has become increasingly apparent that a Cadillac is one of the soundest investments on the highway today. Why not pay us a visit soon? Once you have, we think you'll be anxious to join that happy group of motorists who are making this their first Cadillac year.

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A portable that weighs under 13 pounds (less than a portable typewriter) brings in as sharp a picture as a console...costs as little as \$99.^{95*}

FROM THE LEADER in portable television comes the most *portable* portable of them all—the new General Electric *Personal*.

It's the world's lightest (under 13 pounds, actually weighs less than a portable typewriter). And it takes up so little space that you can use it on your office desk or kitchen counter or bedroom night stand. Performance? This portable pulls in as tight and sharp a picture as a console. Price? As irresistibly low as \$99.^{95*}

Just think of the places you can use this newest General Electric television idea. We've indicated several possibilities in the pictures below, and you'll probably think of lots more. Now you can be where you

want to be and still not miss your favorite programs. Just plug in your General Electric portable and have television where you want it.

This handy, handsome General Electric comes in a rugged aluminum cabinet—in two happy color combinations: Bermuda Brown and Ivory or Peacock Blue and Ivory, in slow-baked, no-chip enamel.

The *Personal* is just one of a full line of General Electric portables that you can see at your General Electric dealer's store right now. (His name's in the Yellow Pages.) Chances are, you'll want to start your Christmas shopping right away. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse 8, N. Y.

World's most compact portable: The General Electric *Personal*, with 40 square inches of viewable area. Model 17T02.

BIG-SCREEN PORTABLE—32 pounds, COMPANION PORTABLE—26 pounds. Both perform like consoles, thanks to aluminized picture tubes, dark-contrast safety windows. Several colors to choose from.



Models shown—17T02 (144-square-inch viewable area) and 14T07 (95-square-inch viewable area)

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SEQUEL



UNDER DOCTOR'S PEN LIGHT, COCKER SPANIEL'S CATARACT SHOWS UP AS DENSE WHITE CLOUD IN LENS OF HIS EYE

BLIND DOG GETS A PLASTIC LENS

Technique designed for humans restores sight to cocker with cataracts



PLASTIC LENS, as shown in LIFE (March 12) with an upside-down image of Chicago, is for humans and smaller than the 16-inch-wide lens used for Tagalong.

In the cautious advance of medical research, innovations are often tried out on experimental animals like dogs before being applied to humans. But in a cataract operation in which the clouded lens is replaced by a clear plastic one (LIFE, March 12), the technique, first used on humans, has lately been adapted for dogs by Dr. Hugh Simpson, a veterinary surgeon at Iowa State College.

A recent patient was Tagalong (above), a blind 4-year-old cocker spaniel. Dr. Simpson performed two delicate operations, one on each eye. The operation on the left eye failed when blood vessels later burst in the eyeball. But the operation on the right eye was successful. Three weeks later, his eye healed. Tagalong began to see again. Dr. Simpson has replaced lenses in dogs as old as 12. Since old-age blindness in dogs is usually caused by cataracts, Simpson's operation may give a longer lease on life to many dogs who would otherwise have to be put out of the way.

CONTINUED

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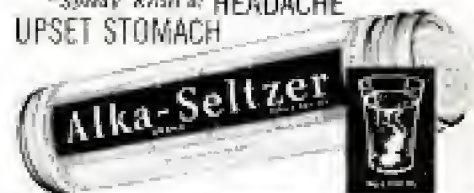
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JONES'S GLENGATE, HOUSTON
MAISON BLANCHE, NEW ORLEANS

Lens for Dog CORINUED



BEFORE OPERATION Tagalong is confused by obstacle course of stools set up by Dr. Simpson. Tagalong humped into the stools when summoned.



TWO MONTHS LATER a lively Tagalong looks at ball held by mistress, Miss Glory Henkel, who sent him from Richmond, Va.



CANINE PATIENTS crowd around an assistant. In two years Simpson has restored sight to 185 dogs. Guard on dog at left protects eye during healing.

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JACK LONDON

Friend and neighbor Martin Eden received a gift of Old Crow from this celebrated author.



DANIEL WEBSTER

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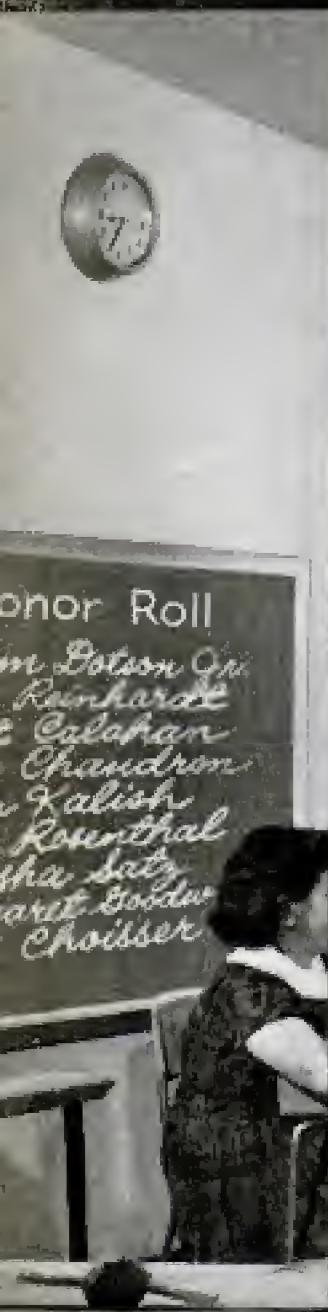


*Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey*

*100 Proof Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Straight Bourbon
available at retail*



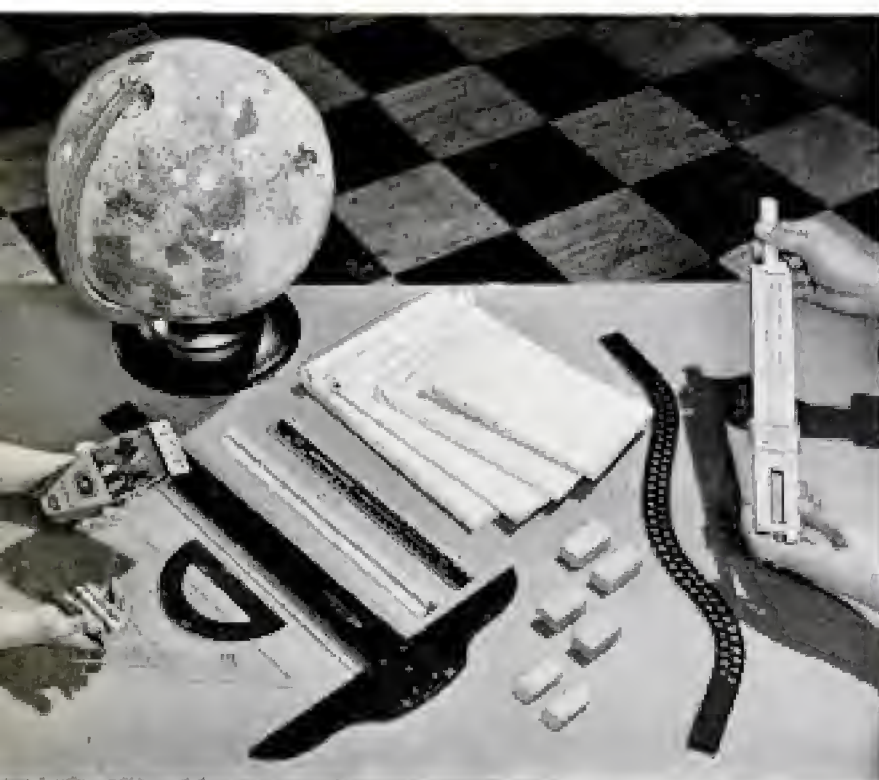
MONSANTO IN ACTION... EDUCATION



MODEL CLASSROOM SHOWS SEVERAL OF THE MANY IMPROVEMENTS MADE POSSIBLE BY CHEMISTRY: "CHILD-PROOF" PLASTIC CHAIRS AND

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STRONG, EASY-TO-STORE contour chairs offer comfortable seating, stack on top of each other. Reinforced plastic seats and backs won't mar, need no paint.



NO MORE CRASH AND CLATTER. Light, durable trays of Monsanto plastic muffle noise, reduce breakage. Colors never wear off. Smooth, shiny surfaces shed germs... won't shatter... resist stains, hot water and harsh cleansers.

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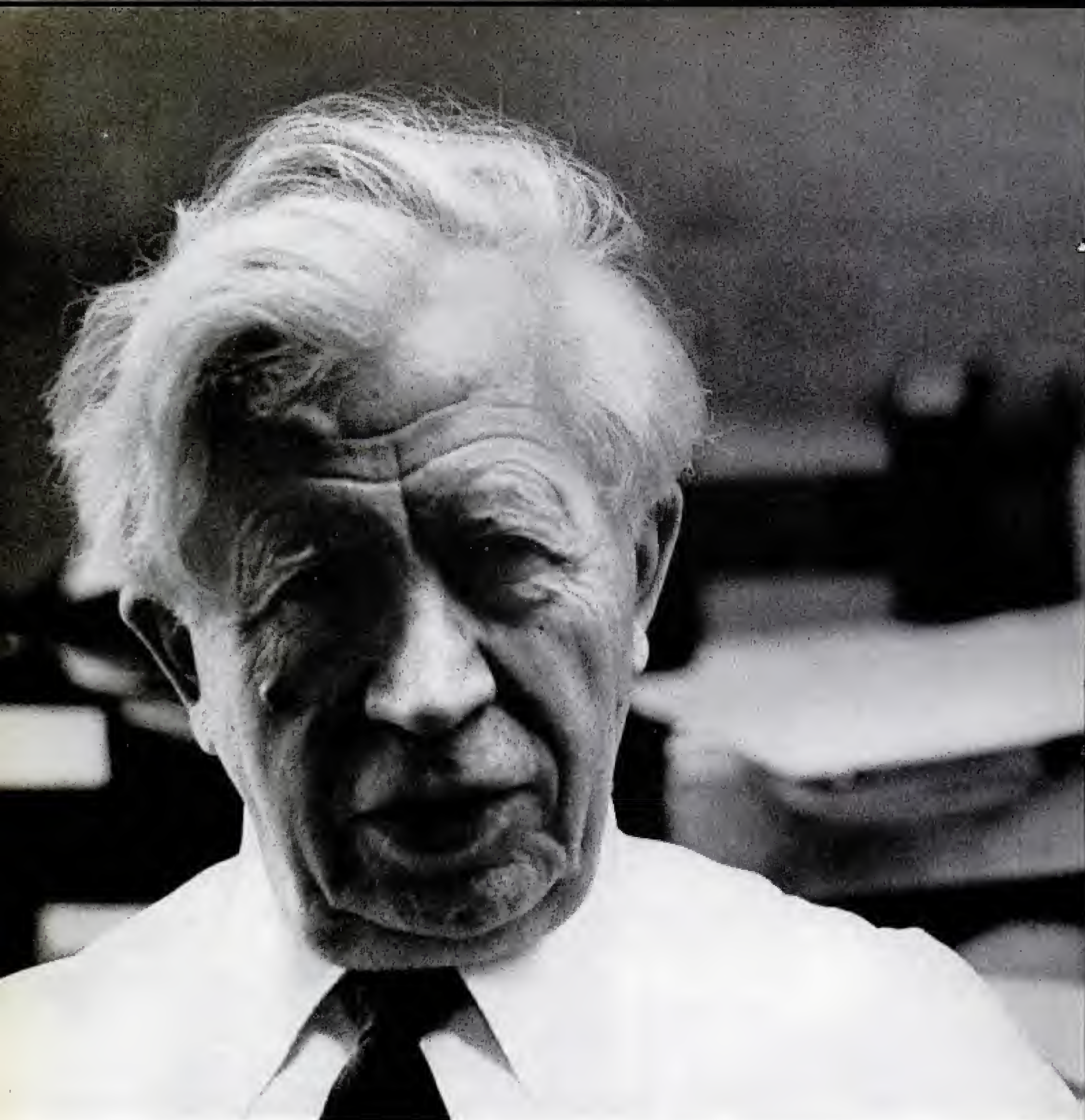
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DR. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON: EXPLORER, WRITER, ESKIMO

He learned the Arctic by becoming an Eskimo for 10 winters. Housed in an igloo, foraging from an ice floe, dining on caribou skin and seal oil, he still saw the North with an optimist's eye. This, said Dr. Stefansson, was no hostile icecap but a friendly, fruitful land of vast promise. Men listened. New cities sprang up. New air routes bridged the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Naturally Dr. Stefansson flies considerably. And like other world travelers, he prefers the luxurious way: Lockheed Super Constellation. Deep lounge chairs, spacious aisles . . . new freedom from noise and fickle climate . . . swank Starlight Lounge and decor by Dreyfuss . . . such a *relaxing* way to hurry! (Remember, this is the fastest Super Constellation ever built.)

But back to Dr. Stefansson. At 77 he's busy as ever lecturing and writing his autobiography. Also planning his next trip: to Rome in June, 1957, on an early flight of the even bigger and faster new *Super Constellation* via TWA-TRANS WORLD AIRLINES.



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THE EDITORS OF
LIFE
PRESENT A SERIES ON
**THE BACKGROUND
OF SEGREGATION**



The editors of LIFE present on the following pages the first of a series of major articles on the background of the crisis brought about by the school segregation decision of the Supreme Court (whose seal is shown at right).

Designed to give useful perspective to the troubled events of today, the series will be done in five parts appearing in consecutive issues and executed in photographs and paintings. It follows the evolution of segregation from its origins in the African slave traffic to its manifestations among "separate but equal" citizens of the modern South. The ways of present living, white and Negro, are described. Where points of morality are at issue—an area where pictures cannot serve—the words of thoughtful, devout Southerners will analyze the problems.

LIFE's focus in its articles is necessarily on the South, where segregation under the sanction of local law is creating the immediate problem. The northern

aspect of segregation, extralegal but still powerful as a social force, will be considered later and separately in LIFE.

Although the ground that is to be covered in the series is not wholly new to Americans, it is unfamiliar as a subject of moderate and unprejudiced consideration. At home, the issue of segregation occupies the most careful attention of the major political parties. Abroad, it commands the grave, often perplexed attention of the free world and a gloating, know-nothing attention from Communists. The problem is too enmeshed in American history, too laden with emotion and the heritage of emotions, to make easy settlement possible. But precisely for this reason, understanding is the more necessary. In this series LIFE—which will show all sides of the issue—proposes to provide the opportunity for understanding a vexing, complex issue whose manner of settlement can shape the nation's life for generations to come.

HOW THE NEGRO CAME TO SLAVERY IN AMERICA

Bought from African kings by the white traders,
the black man enriched and troubled his new land

Text by ROBERT WALLACE

The story of segregation in the U.S. in 1956 begins three centuries ago in Africa. Out of that continent, whip-scarred, in chains, came the ancestors of nearly all the Negroes who live in the U.S. today. The population of this nation would be smaller today by one tenth, nearly 16 million souls, had it not been for slavery. To understand something of the modern American Negro one must look first at the institution that brought him here, and at the land from which he was torn.

When the first European explorers pushed down the West Coast of Africa in the 15th and 16th centuries, they found slavery widely established in a huge region stretching for 4,000 miles along the seaboard from the Senegal River to the southern limits of Angola. Slavery was, and for many years had been, a normal condition of native life.

The traders, who came close behind the explorers, searched at first for gold but soon found that greater fortunes could be made in flesh. The first Europeans to engage in the slave trade were the Portuguese and Spanish, who as early as 1517 were carrying slaves to work in the colonies in the Caribbean. By 1700 the trade had grown hugely profitable. As more and more plantations were cleared in the wilderness of the New World, other nations entered the field to get a share of the money that could be made from the sale of cheap labor. The English, the Dutch and the French went heavily into it, both as carriers of slaves and as middlemen. They operated trading forts all along the West Coast of Africa, where slaves from the interior were collected and held for sale to slave ship captains.

Beginning about 1720, Americans heavily entered the trade, buying slaves in increasing numbers at the forts and carrying them back across the Atlantic. By 1796 the trade had reached its maximum, the bulk of it carried in American and English ships.

Throughout the slave trade, African kings and chiefs eagerly supplied the market. One of the greatest suppliers was the rich king of Dahomey, who remarked, "It is the custom of my ancestors, and if the white men come to buy, why should I not sell?" Other slaves came from the kingdoms of Benin and Ashanti—the latter still exists as part of the Gold Coast. Photographs of the Ashanti people on the following pages, taken today, show many survivors of the culture that was theirs in the days

of the slave trade, and paintings, based upon old accounts, show the once great wealth of their courts.

The African kings obtained their captives largely through wars which they instituted for the purpose, but used other means as well. They enslaved members of their own tribes for various offenses, including debt, and frequently kidnaped their neighbors. The average slave as a rule was not a weakling or a cull, but a warrior who had been taken in battle or an outspoken man who had somehow offended his tribal superiors.

Almost from its inception there were moral reactions against the slave trade both in Europe and the American colonies. These might have brought slavery to an end far sooner than they did, had it not been for the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793. Indeed, only a few years before the invention, there was strong sentiment in several southern states in favor of gradually abolishing slavery. Whitney's gin made it practical to grow cotton on an enormous scale. Previously it had taken one slave eight hours to hand-pick the seeds from one pound of cotton. With the new invention the job could be done in minutes. As cotton plantations grew enormous and cotton became the great export commodity of the South, the demand for slaves increased. Whitney had saved labor for the seed picker, but had created more for the field hand.

The importation of slaves into the U.S. should have ended in 1807 according to an act of Congress. But in fact the trade continued until the outbreak of the Civil War. During the entire period that the trade endured, some 20 million Negroes were made captive. Many of them died before reaching the New World. Altogether perhaps two million were landed alive in what is now the U.S. and another 12 million in Latin America.

Slavery would not be extinguished in the U.S. South until the end of the Civil War, although the northern states began abolishing it separately and early—in Massachusetts it was prohibited in 1780, in New Hampshire in 1784. Elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere it lingered. It was not until 1888 that Brazil at last put an end to it. In some parts of the world slavery lingers still. According to estimates filed with the United Nations, about 30,000 Africans are enslaved each year and sold for service in villages in the Arabian peninsula,



IN AN EVENING RITUAL THAT REMAINS UNCHANGED



SINCE THE DAYS OF THE SLAVE TRADE, GOLD COAST WOMEN CARRY WATER HOME FROM A STREAM IN A SOLEMN PROCESSION HEADED BY A FROLIC SOME BOY

CONTINUED

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STOOL-MAKING was, and still is, a highly developed skill among the Ashanti people. Here crafts-

men with adzes are fashioning wooden stools for royalty. The nearly completed stool at the right is

intended for use in the household of the present Ashanti king, Nana Otumfo Sir Prempeh II. Wood



LAND SLAVES

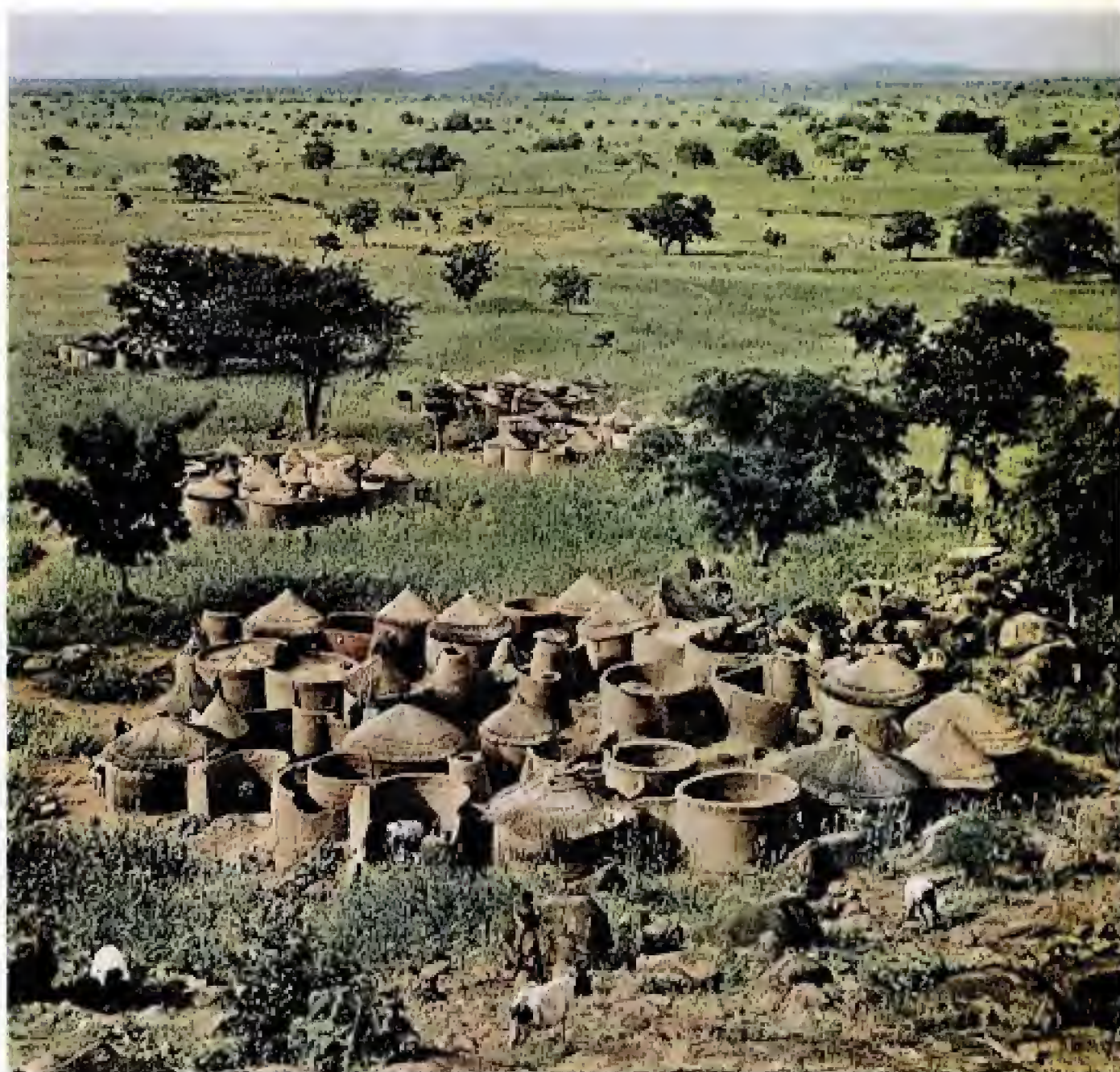
The Gold Coast, whence the ancestors of many American Negroes came as slaves, is today a British colony rapidly progressing toward complete self-government. About twice the size of Kentucky, it has a population of over four million. The most numerous single group is the Ashanti people, whose inland kingdom occupies a third of the whole territory. In recent years the Ashanti have made great material and cultural progress. But mingled with their 20th Century civilization can be seen some aspects of the native culture that existed 170 years ago during the height of the slave trade. In these photographs—setting aside the fact that a sewing machine may be lying just outside camera range—one may see what the life of an Ashanti was like before he was brought to the New World.

The Ashanti had a nonliterate but not properly "primitive" society. There was a complex government structure headed by a king, beneath whom were paramount chiefs and sub-chiefs down to the heads of individual compounds. There was a well-defined system of

← **WEAVING** with locally grown cotton, a craftsman works with a hand loom of ancient design. He makes strips of cloth about three inches wide, which are stitched side by side into a single large garment.



Carver Asiana Krumo has worked on it for three days and will get about \$7 for it when it is finished.



COMPOUNDS, in Northern Territories of Gold Coast, still stand as in slaving days. As protection

against raiders the round dwellings, some unroofed and empty now, were joined on outside by mud wall.

CALLED HOME

taxation; there were courts of law and an army. The symbols of kingly or chiefly authority were wooden stools of ornate design; the kingdom itself, as a residence for its national spirit, had a golden stool which was never sat on or permitted to touch the ground.

Polygamy was practiced among the Ashanti by those who could afford it, as it is today. Religion was polytheistic and had a highly developed priesthood. The principal occupation was farming and the principal crop yams, which grow abundantly in the forest clearings. Handicrafts, particularly weaving, were well developed among the Ashanti. Traditionally weaving was done only by men, who produced beautiful fabrics with standardized patterns—each pattern had a name and often represented the clan or social status of its wearer, much like a modern club necktie. The Ashanti had a civilization which differed greatly from the European or American ideal but was not for that reason inferior. The description of them as "naked savages," often used by slave traders trying to justify themselves, was not true.

INTERIOR of a compound dwelling is hard and bare. This farmer has two houses and two wives; each has six children. He stays in this house and the families take one-week turns living with him.



MANY GODS AND WRY STORIES

During the slave trading era the religions of West Africa were a complex system of beliefs involving both a supreme being and numerous nature gods, as well as ancestor spirits and magic. In the Gold Coast it remains so today—less than a fifth of the people are Christian. In the Ashanti's unwritten "literature," inventiveness and improvisation are noteworthy. It is still common for families or local groups to meet after dark to listen to storytellers; frequently between or even during the stories,

actors will leap up and give impersonations of the characters involved.

The stories, sometimes composed on the spot, often contain strong satire. The teller invariably prefaces his remarks with "We don't really mean to say this is so," then lambastes an unpopular priest or chief. Under this license even slaves could and did arise to expose their masters. The license expired with the storytelling session, but the existence of satire bespoke an observant and independent mind.



SPIRIT WORSHIPERS sway to the chanting of a priestess, whose face is daubed with white clay. In this service the object of worship is a powerful, benign spirit who has been summoned by prayer and

now occupies the ornate basket the priestess wears on her head. Among the Ashanti, Thursday corresponds to the Sabbath. On that day, which is sacred to the earth goddess, no one may work in the fields,



HUNTERS, having set fire to an area of grass to drive their game into the open, close in for the kill. Here they are after an African variety of hedgehog, which they kill in great numbers during the dry

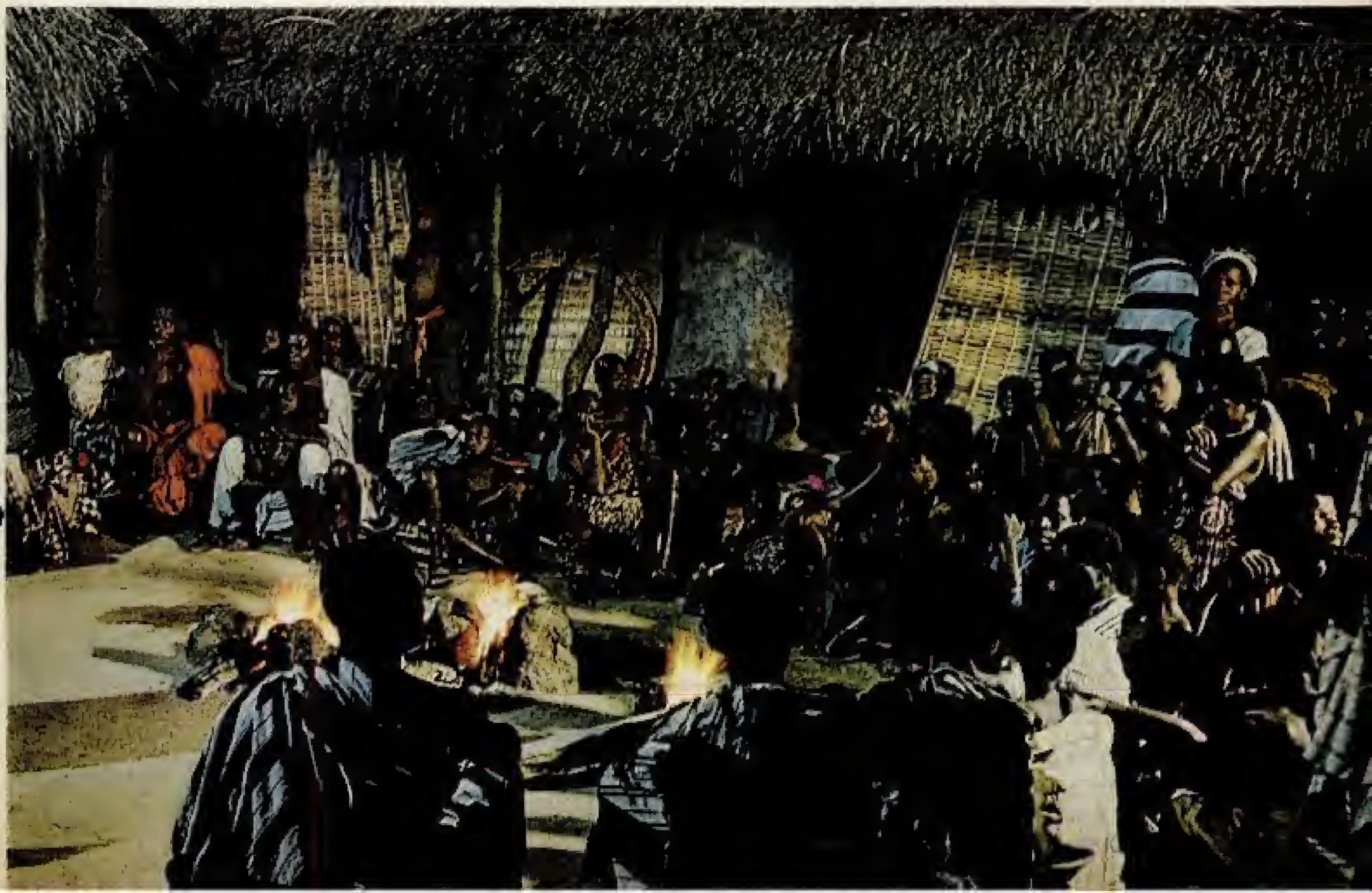




spell lasting from November to February. Clubbed to death, the hedgehogs are then cleaned and smoked, like hams. In some parts of the Gold Coast today hunting for meat is still a recognized occupation.

STORYTELLER (below, left) regales an after-dinner audience with Ashanti folk tales. For many centuries, in a country which had no written native language, storytellers have served as walking libraries.

Most of the stories have charm and a wry, philosophical twist. The *Uncle Remus* stories, common throughout the old U.S. South, stemmed from folk tales brought to America by the West Africans.





VICTORY PARTY is held by Osai Kajo, the king of Ashanti, to greet a victorious general (left center) who dances at the head of his officers, several of

whom carry still-bloody spears. Behind the king, right, are his territorial chiefs with gold staffs and beside him is part of the royal treasury, earthen and brass

ROYAL POMP, GOLD —AND SLAVES

Ashanti court celebrates a rich victory

The court of the Ashanti kings astonished the 18th Century British explorers and traders who saw it. They had a keen eye for wealth; what impressed them most was the gold. "The king was sitting on a throne encased in massive gold, enveloped in the richest silks and wearing as many ornaments of pure gold on his neck, arms, wrists, fingers, ankles and toes as he comfortably could support," wrote one Briton. "The display of barbarian riches was dazzling, and all this wealth of the Ashanti king was derived from the enormous profits of his slave sales." This was not entirely true—the Gold Coast was so named because of the metal once found there, which the Ashanti natives mined and worked,



jars containing gold dust. At center background stands a group of defeated enemy warriors from the recently conquered Banda territory, who will now become

and of which the kings obtained a good supply through taxation. But the sale of slaves, like the recently captured group at center background above, did account for the bulk of their wealth.

This painting, based on the accounts of several British agents, shows a celebration at the court of King Osai Kojo around the year 1765. Osai Kojo's immediate predecessors had been excellent warriors, as he was himself, and had carved out a kingdom of 14,000 square miles. Armed both with native weapons and more recently with Dutch and British muskets obtained in trading, they were well-nigh invincible. War for them was a steady, thriving business; the more slaves they sold, the

slaves. Muskets, for which heavy prices were exacted by British and Dutch traders, are carried only by the top-ranking officers and those who guard the slaves,

more muskets they obtained, and the more muskets, the more slaves.

After each victory slaves were apportioned among the king, chiefs and army officers according to established law. The king was allowed to have no more than 3,333 at one time, and the principal chiefs 1,000. Only a portion of the captives were sold to the international slave trade. Yankee slave traders sometimes argued that, since the slaves were already slaves at the time of purchase, their lot would be improved by transportation to the more "civilized" New World. But actually the reverse was true. African slaves had many rights—they could marry, possess property, own slaves themselves and even become heirs to their masters.



A COFFLE OF FREIGHT FOR YANKEE SLAVERS

From the inland kingdoms of West Africa slaves were brought out to coastal trading stations in land convoys called "coffles." In the late 18th Century the principal British slave-trading post on the Gold Coast was Cape Coast Castle, shown at far right. As many as 10,000 slaves a year passed through this bleak fortress on the sand flats, most of them, like these, sold by the Ashanti Kingdom 120 miles inland. Women and docile



the man at far left, did leap through holes in the netting into the sea. Others (right) tried to starve themselves, but it was found that this could be forestalled

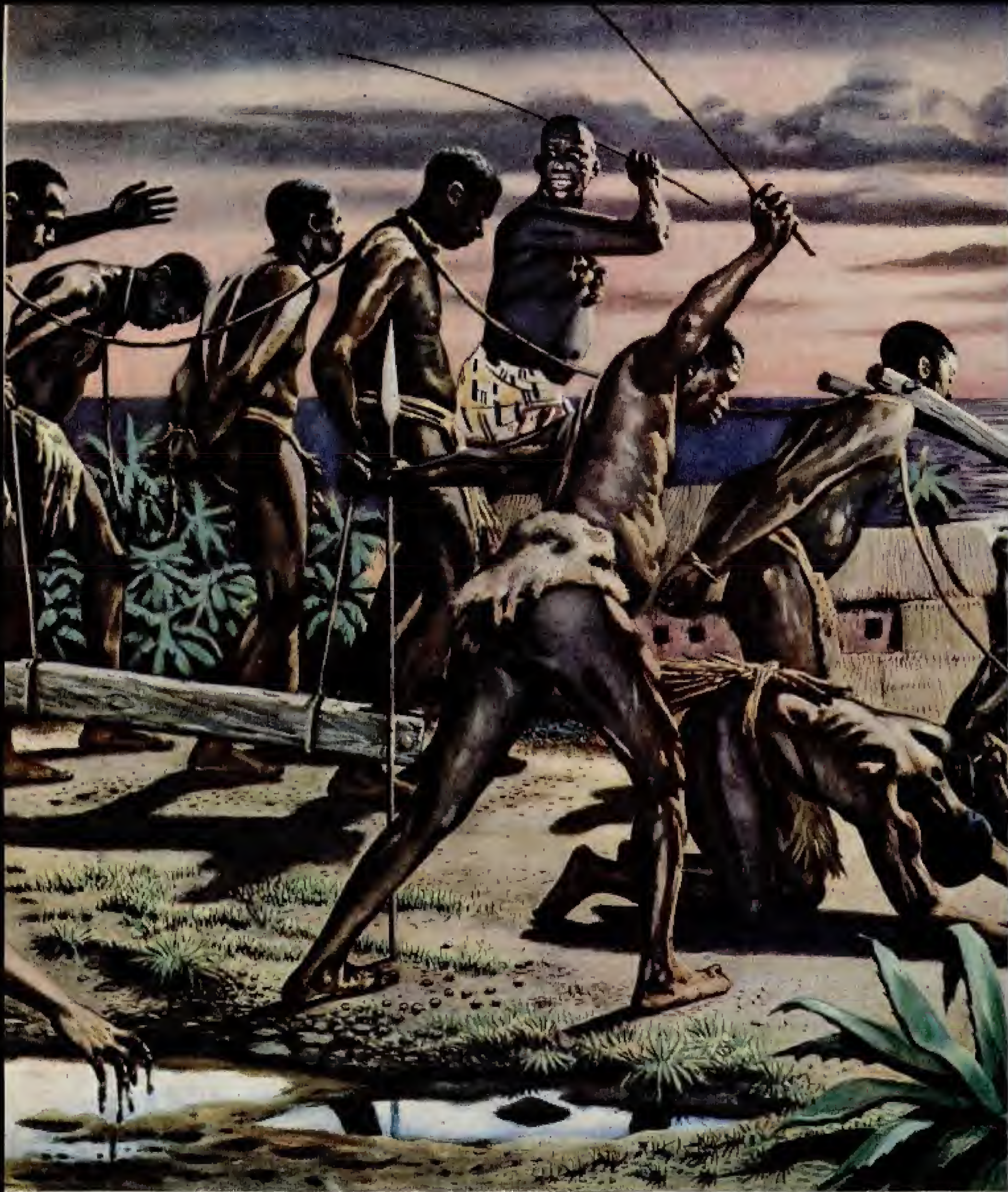
by the application of hot coals to the lips and the use of chisel-like "mouth-openers," which prepared the way for a funnel-fed meal of mashed horsebeans.

BOUND FOR THE WEST INDIES

with lime, many slaves died at sea of dysentery, smallpox or general weakness. There were also losses from mutiny. Since the slaves had been taken from all walks of life in Africa, most cargoes usually contained a few proud, resalcitrant men who had been chiefs or priests and who would lead uprisings whenever the occasion arose. To forestall mutinies the ship captains occasionally hired Africans who were willing to pose as slaves, sleeping among them on the 'tween decks, and then report on their plans. The captains displayed only rudimentary signs of charity

—one expressed resentment that the slaves should abuse his kindness by rebelling, pointing out that he did, after all, allow them to have pipes and tobacco every Monday morning.

When a slave ship arrived at its port of sale in the West Indies or the U.S., it was usually found that the slaves had a sickly appearance and were covered with sores and abrasions from the chains. So that they would fetch better prices, they were forced to smear their bodies with oil, which coated the sores and gave their skins a healthy, glistening look.



males were secured merely by thongs around their necks, while strong, rebellious men were so fettered that they could scarcely walk. Some were linked neck-to-neck by heavy wooden poles; others were restrained by timbers which yoked the leg of one man to the leg of his neighbor. During a long journey—some took 90 days—the attrition among slaves reached 60%. Those who fell and were too weak to respond to beatings

were cut out of the coffle and abandoned to die. A few, like the women at left, managed to kill themselves by eating quantities of clay. The coffle guards, hired by the kings and chiefs who offered the slaves for sale, showed little mercy even though they sometimes were fellow tribesmen of the captives.

At Cape Coast Castle, Yankee traders, whose schooners lay offshore,



bought from the kings' and chiefs' agents and branded the slaves on the beach. For a healthy man or woman between 16 and 35 the price was about 150 gallons of rum, then worth about \$90. Having purchased a full cargo, the traders then sailed to the West Indies, where they sold all or part of their slaves and took on a load of molasses. Then, perhaps with a stop at a southern U.S. port to dispose of any remaining slaves,

they returned to their home ports in New England where the molasses was distilled into rum. Loading rum, the slave ships sailed back to Africa, repeating the three-cornered voyage. In this three-cornered trade, one of the principal elements of American overseas commerce from 1720 to 1808, countless fortunes were quickly built. A schooner cost but \$4,000; in a single trip around the triangle a profit of \$40,000 could be gained.

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ABOARD A SLAVE SHIP bound from the Gold Coast to the West Indies, captives on the main deck are exercised under the lash to keep them in good physical

condition while those below in the three-foot-high 'tween deck wait their turn. Care was taken to prevent the slaves from killing themselves, but some, like

LIFE ON A SLAVE SCHOONER

After the Revolutionary War some 200 American vessels were engaged in the slave trade, most of them operating out of New England—the port of Newport, R.I. alone had 150 in service. They were small sloop- or schooner-rigged ships with crews of 10 to 12 men, and only about 90 feet in length. But by the use of shallow 'tween decks (*above*) they were able to carry an average of 250 slaves, with some of the larger vessels holding up to 500. The slaves ordinarily spent 16 hours a day huddled on the 'tween decks, shackled to each other in long rows, the women isolated

from the men. The decks were lighted and ventilated by a dozen small ports, which were closed at the first sign of rough weather, whereupon the heat and stench became frightful. The average space allotted each slave was 16 inches in width and five and one-half feet in length.

Shipowners and ship captains took great pains to keep the slave mortality rate low because insurance companies would not compensate them for those who died of disease. But, although the ships were fumigated, the 'tween decks scrubbed with vinegar and the drinking water treated



SLAVE AUCTION. here re-created from descriptions of those held in Charleston, S.C. in the 1700s, finds a young girl on the block being sold for \$1,000. At lower right overseers inspect a slave for whip-scars, which may indicate he is incorrigible, while at upper right a man's teeth are examined for signs of age. At

left a potential buyer makes a slave run to test his wind. Slaves were valued for skills, intelligence and strength, in that order, with prices ranging up to \$2,500 for a "trained" (American-born) craftsman such as a carpenter, blacksmith or mason, and down to only \$200 for a "raw" (freshly imported) drudge.

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ANTIABOLITIONIST LYNCH MOB in Boston seizes William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the latterly antislavery *Liberator*. The mob was composed of upper-class

Bostonians, gentlemen of wealth and standing who were not necessarily pro-slavery but were furious at Garrison because, in attacking slavery, he attacked



IN VIRGINIA abolitionists debate in 1832. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the president's grandson, W. H.

Roane, grandson of Patrick Henry, and Thomas Marshall, the chief justice's son, were antislavery.

THE ONSET OF

Late in the 18th Century, after nearly 200 years of the slave trade, there appeared the first signs of a crusade to stamp it out. England was the first to react violently and by 1833 slavery was abolished throughout the Empire with the major exception of India. Thereafter England led a universal movement against it.

In the U.S., where slavery was recognized in the Constitution, reaction was slower but grew rapidly after 1820 with its center in New England. Slavery had long been outlawed in Massachusetts, and Boston, then the intellectual capital of the nation, was full of brilliant agitators like William Lloyd Garrison (*above*). There were abolitionists in the South as well. In 1831 and 1832 Virginia attempted to outlaw



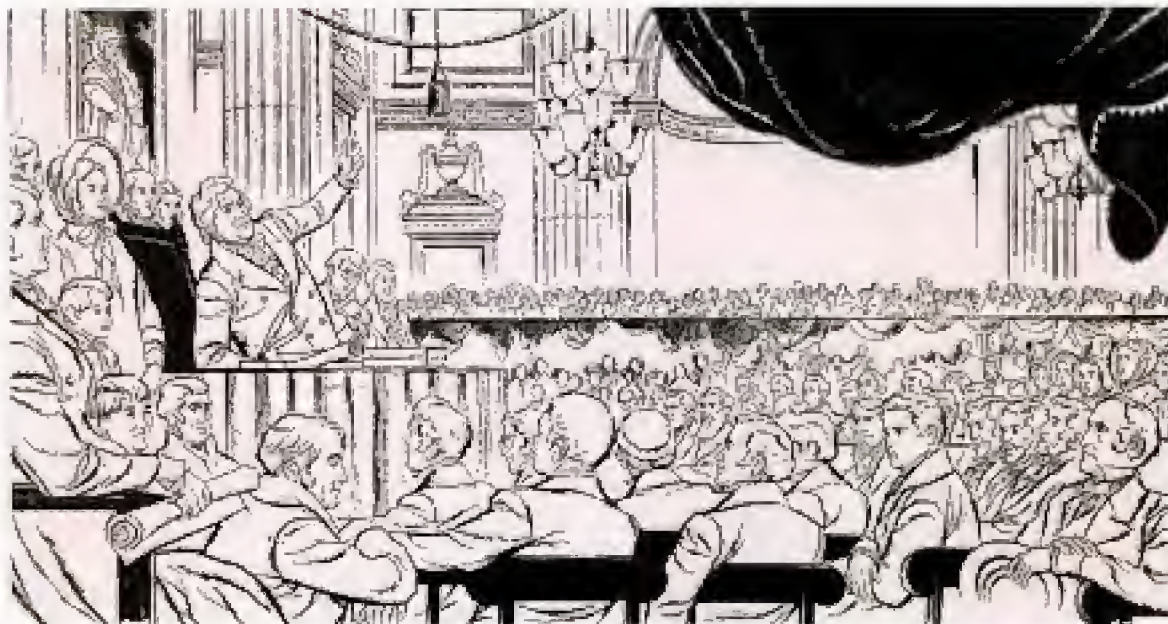
the institution of private property. They set upon him in 1835, as he was attending a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, got a rope around his

body, roughed him up and dragged him through the streets of Boston. He was saved by a few cool, muscular men and lived to carry on his crusade until 1879.

ABOLITIONISM

slavery during a prolonged and bitter debate.

The nation's churches at first stood strongly against it but after 1830, as it appeared that the controversy might disrupt their national organizations, backed down. Some abolitionists took a constructive attitude—in 1821 the American Colonization Society purchased a chunk of West Africa coast land, established it as a home for a few freed slaves, later christened it Liberia. But in the main the abolitionists were incendiaries. As the 19th Century wore on, their ranks steadily grew and their thinking hardened. What had been in 1820 the abolitionists' realization that slavery should be destroyed became, by 1850, a conviction that it must be destroyed and at whatever cost.



IN ENGLAND the abolitionist movement became worldwide at the London antislavery convention of

1840. Here men from many nations including the U.S. set their aim: "universal extinction of slavery."

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SOUTHERN VIEW of slavery was summed up by Currier and Ives, who made this lithograph. From this point of view slavery was not an evil but a secure and

comfortable way of life for simple-minded, childlike darkies, who could live in a snug cabin near the old manse and pass their time happily singing and dancing.

A PROPAGANDA WAR

The battle over slavery was also fought in literature and lithograph. By far the greatest piece of propaganda—indeed, one of the greatest pieces of propaganda in the history of mankind—was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe which appeared in 1852. An incredible best-seller—300,000 copies the first year, despite its banning in the South—the book attacked slavery through a set of characters drawn with enormous power. Little Eva, Simon Legree and Uncle Tom himself, in the book, on the stage and in poster art (*below*), soon became living, breathing human beings to the North. The South's case (*above*) was made by various writers and artists, but none ever matched *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.



NORTHERN VIEW of slavery was epitomized by the relationship between Simon Legree and Uncle Tom, here shown on a poster advertising a traveling show.



DEATH OF LITTLE EVA, on another poster for a road show, was designed to bring a storm of grief, followed by righteous wrath, into every Northern breast.



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'UNDERGROUND RAILROAD' STATION receives a family of Negroes who have escaped from South and are being smuggled north by abolitionists.

STORMS AND STRESS IN THE 1850s

By 1850 the Negro had become the great prop of the southern economy—he produced the cotton, and cotton was the most important crop not only of the South but of the entire nation. Cotton accounted for nearly half the total value of U.S. exports, alone bringing in \$270 million in 1850. By that year the Negro had also become the great political issue that divided the nation, and as the turbulent decade wore on, divided it still more.

When the decade began, the attention of the country was fixed westward upon the huge territories newly won from Mexico and upon California, where the gold rush was in full swing. The great question was whether these territories, and the states that would be made from them, would be slave or free. Southern political leaders held that the territories should be divided into slave and free areas, as had been done earlier in the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Northern abolitionists held that slavery must be excluded throughout all the new land. A third viewpoint, popularized by Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, was that the residents of the new territories should decide the question themselves.

Out of these divergent attitudes arose the Compromise of 1850, the principal points of which were that California would be admitted to the Union as a free state, that the other territories would be organized without any mention of slavery, and that slaveholders would henceforth be protected by a stringent fugitive-slave law. The latter was of great interest to the South—slaves had been escaping northward in large numbers, assisted by "underground railroads" organized by abolitionists, and the loss to slave owners was great. (The "railroads" were chains of hiding places for slaves, the links located a day's journey apart.) Under the new law, slaveholders or their agents could go anywhere in the North to reclaim their property with the aid of U.S. marshals. This they frequently did, causing near-riots in some cities when they arrested fugitives.

The Compromise of 1850 endured only a short time. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a serious blow to it, and the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 finished it off. Under this act, Senator Douglas had his way—the territorial legislatures were empowered to decide whether slavery should exist within their jurisdiction. In the ensuing years armed abolitionists streamed into Kansas. So did proslavery men, carrying guns of their own, and Kansas became a battleground.

Meanwhile the Supreme Court, in 1857, handed down a famous decision in the case of a Negro slave named Dred Scott. Scott, having been taken by his master to live in the free state of Illinois and subsequently to a fort in the northern part of the Louisiana Purchase where slavery had been excluded by the Missouri Compromise, had filed a lawsuit for his freedom, claiming that residence on free soil had made him free. The Court, denying this, held that Scott could not sue because he was not a citizen. Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, in fact, went further. A slaveholder could take his slaves anywhere in the territories and still retain title to them, he said. This was a clear-cut, major victory for proslavery men. To violent abolitionists it then

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If pain persists — see your doctor.

Highest medical authorities have established beyond a shadow of a doubt that Anacin's combination of potent pain relievers acts smoother and more efficiently than any single drug.



**Can not upset
Your Stomach!**



GOING TO THE GALLOWS with arms bound and a rope around his neck, John Brown pauses to kiss a Negro baby in the painting by Thomas Hovenden.

SEGREGATION CONTINUED

seemed that since the Court had failed, nothing short of political or social revolution would put an end to slavery. Only two more elements were necessary to bring the revolution about.

The first came in the person of a bearded fanatic named John Brown, who had worked on an underground railroad out of Missouri and who had fought—and murdered—proslavery men in Kansas. In October 1859, with a band of less than 50 men, he seized the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, W. Va., with the idea of obtaining enough weapons to fight a personal war against slaveholders in Virginia. John Brown was soon caught by federal troops, tried for treason and hanged. But before he died that strange man, a figure it seemed straight from the Old Testament, spoke a few words. "I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge or vindictive spirit. . . . Now if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country where rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments. I say, let it be done."

It was done, and John Brown's body began, as the song says, to molder in his grave, but both North and South had been brought to frenzied pitches of emotion by what he had done and said, and neither would nor could forget.

The second element necessary to bring violence was the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. Lincoln himself was no ranting abolitionist; he disliked slavery but liked peace and union more. Indeed, many northern abolitionists were suspicious of him. But Lincoln was a Republican and had run on a Republican platform, which was anti-slavery and therefore anathema to the South. After his election the southern states turned, one after the other, toward secession from the Union. By the time of his inauguration in 1861 war was inevitable.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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**NEXT WEEK: EMANCIPATION
TO THE CRISIS OF TODAY**

Do you have these **MIDNIGHT BLUES?**



LUMPY MATTRESS? Midnight and all's wrong with this half-awake sleeper. Her mattress is worn out of shape, keeps prodding her in the back and on all sides. Toss, turn and try as you will, you simply can't get comfortable on a lumpy old mattress like this.



SAGGY MATTRESS? When springs get weak in their old age, you might as well be sleeping in a hammock for all the support you get. This old sway-back should be put out to pasture and replaced by a new Beautyrest mattress with matching box spring . . . the perfect combination for restful sleep.



SHORTY MATTRESS? You don't have to take this lying down, especially when you can get a new king-size Beautyrest.* They're 6'-8" for extra leg room. Or, if you're a roller, there are extra-wide Beautyrest sizes available. These super-size models give super comfort.



MATTRESS TOO HARD OR TOO SOFT? It's a hard fight to get to sleep, and you lose with so-called posture-type mattress. Too hard for comfort is one extreme, and too soft for support is the other. Only Beautyrest combines the firmness you need with body-fitting comfort you want.

25,500,000 Americans are sleeping on over-age mattresses! Are these people old-fashioned? 8 hours out of every 24 they are. For these are the hours the average person sleeps each night.

And to think, the rest of the time they're so up to date. They replace their cars, their kitchen appliances, their TV sets before the shine has even worn off. Yet, just out of habit, they spend a third of their lives on beat-up, worn-out mattresses.

Don't you put up with one of these rest wreckers another night. Go today to your store selling Beautyrest and lie down on a

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And you save with Beautyrest in the long run! It far outlasts all others, and its 10-year guarantee brings the cost down to about 2¢ a night.

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you: I hope my children's teeth do last. They each had a dental check-up before they went back to school.

us: We're trying to help, too. We're making Ipana kits available for children in dental-health classes.

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us: It contains WD-9. That's a quick way of saying sodium lauryl sulphate. Ipana with WD-9 destroys bacteria that cause tooth decay.

you: I thought all tooth pastes destroyed decay bacteria.

us: More or less. But Ipana destroys these bacteria *best* of all leading brands, even better than fluoride tooth paste. Besides, Ipana is safe for children under six.

you: Sounds real good for children's teeth. How about mine?

us: Just as good. And your whole family will like Ipana's minty new taste. It leaves your mouth feeling cool and clean. Try it next time?



- New king-size cap
- Easy-to-use, hard-to-lose
- Tube stands upright

**New-formula Ipana®
with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria
best of all leading brands**

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin and Tylenol

HIDING OUTFITS as they leave Dior salon for photography session, mannequins wear muslin shrouds to keep copyists from getting a peek. Designs are revealed below.



A HINT OF HEMLINE UPHEAVAL

Newest length at Dior jogs the Paris shows

Haunted still by memories of his wardrobe-wrecking New Look, fashion professionals at the Paris collections are wariest at the Dior opening. At the new showings, they found nothing to startle them until, midway in a big collection, he brought out six outfits which were only nine inches from the floor. Two had the tweedy daylight look of street clothes—and tinkering with day lengths is the most radical thing a designer can do.

There were reports that only Dior's hard-headed business associates had restrained him from using the revolutionary longer hemline throughout his collection. When Dior himself blandly maintained that the new length was only for after 5, U.S. experts decided that street clothes would hold their hemline this fall and winter. But they felt a nagging suspicion that Dior's jog might be the tip-off on real havoc next February.

Elsewhere in Paris almost everything was opulent. For evening (*next page*) there was the *My Fair Lady* look (*LIFE*, Aug. 27), and for day (*p. 70*), suits and capes laden with fur.



LONG BY DAY are Dior's ankle-length suits in speckled tweed (*left*) and plain. Worn with tailored hats, blouses and belts, each look like street outfits.

SHORT BY NIGHT is Dior's switch on length in small group of dresses. This chiffon dress has fabric selvage instead of a hem, is 16 inches from floor.





RUFFLED BACK on Lanvin-Castillo's net dress divides so wearer can sit down. It is shown in art-filled salon at home of Comtesse Jeanne de Polignac.

LYNX BORDER trims Balmain's 1910-inspired satin evening cloak worn with aigrette headress. This is Mexico's great gathering place of the famed.



DARING BODICE appears on Dior's short chiffon dress with elaborately tiered skirt. Outfit is worn by Dior mannequin, Victoire, in designer's salon.



CONTINUED

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Won't loosen in water.*

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**Never an
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THE NEW TANGALIZED SQUIRT IS A SPARKLING MIXER, TOO!

HEMLINE
 CONTINUED

**DAYTIME
 IS LAVISH
 WITH FUR**

BIG COLLAR of lynx, a newcomer among the season's popular long-haired furs, gives top-heavy look to Balmain's slim tweed suit which has short, easy-fitting jacket. This is Alexander III Bridge on Seine.



LONG CAPE which extends almost to knees is lined with civet, goes over matching tweed suit with civet collar from Fath. Capes were shown at all Paris collections, varied from hip to floor length.

LAVISH LINING and collar of Norwegian blue fox are feature of Patou's wool coat which makes a monotone outfit with matching dress and tilted hat. The Louvre is across the Seine in background.





An original painting for Friskies by Douglas Crockwell

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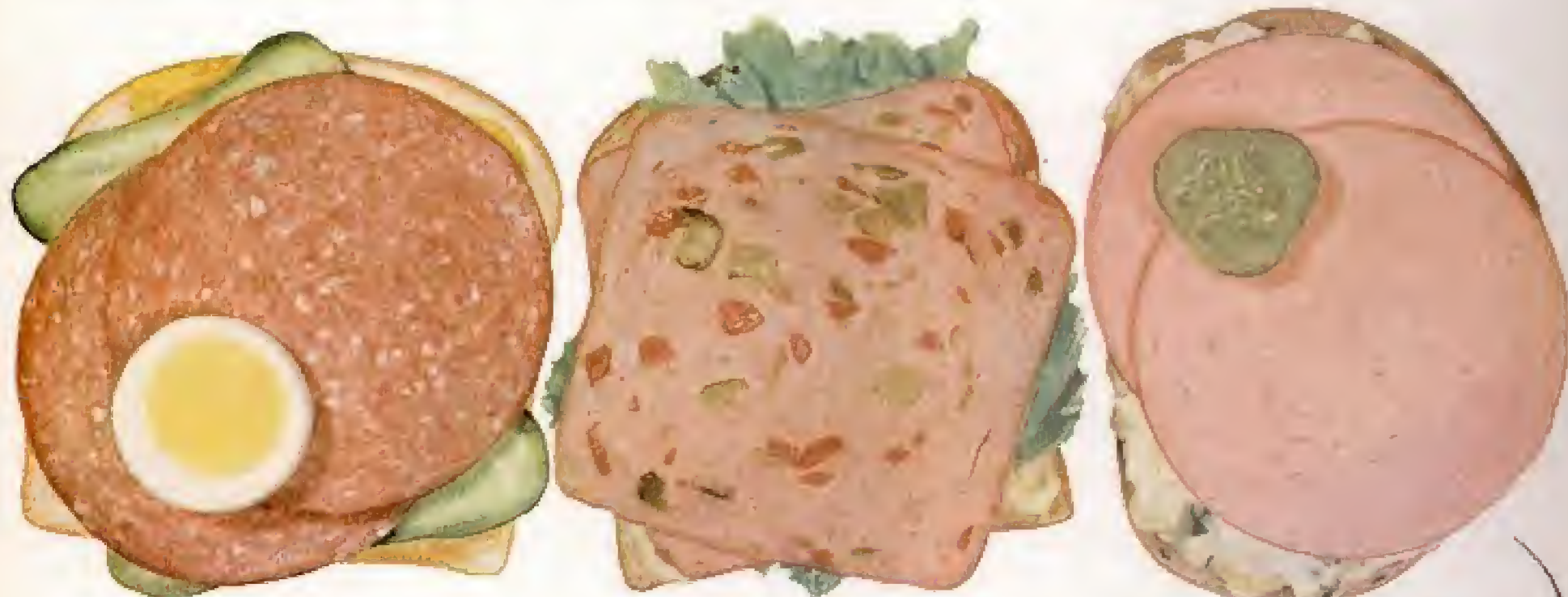
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ART

A Bath for a God



A BUDDHIST CARVING REGAINS ITS COLORS

For the past 35 years a 12th Century wooden statue of Kuan-Yin, the Chinese god of mercy, has reposed in the subdued light of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. But for a recent television program, museum officials invaded the peaceful penumbra of Kuan-Yin and subjected him to a blaze of TV lighting. In the glare, what formerly had seemed cool and lovely (*above*) now looked dull and dirty, so technicians got busy with a little cotton dipped in water. In a matter of minutes the chalky appearance of the statue began to give way to warm hues of red, blue and gold. Realizing that artisans of earlier centuries had coated the statue with a protective layer of plasterlike gesso, museum technicians gave Kuan-Yin a complete bath, transforming him (*right*) into a choice candidate for a TV color program.





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SPORTS

EASY-DOES-IT TENNIS CHAMP

Despite casual play, Lew Hoad approaches game's grand slam

The world of tennis is watching the towheaded young Australian at right to see if he can do what has been done only once before—sweep all four major championships (U.S., British, French, Australian) by winning the U.S. Nationals next week. The strong possibility of Lew Hoad repeating Don Budge's grand slam of 1938 excites everyone in tennis—except Lew Hoad. Hoad approaches each match as if it were just an invitation for a friendly set at the local playground. His stance at the net while expertly flicking the ball over it is one of casual interest. Once in a doubles match at Wimbledon he suddenly stopped in the middle of a volley to scratch his back.

This indifference has annoyed Australia's fervent tennis fans and cost Hoad matches that he could easily have won with his overwhelming game. His backhand volley is the strongest in tennis. His serve has vicious speed and topspin. "When he has control," says a Davis Cup victim, Vic Seixas, "you can't reach him." His success in big matches this year stems partly from maturity and partly from his happy marriage to another tennis player, Jennifer Stanley, a member of the Australian women's team.



HAPPY HOADS walk off the court together. They frequently play tournaments as mixed doubles team.

SKILLFUL POINT is made by Lew as he casually → dumps ball over net with a slicing backhand shot.






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Hoad CONTINUED



UNCONCERNED ON COURT, Hoad laughs at own error in National Doubles Championship. Between points he watched play on adjoining courts.



ATTENTIVE TO WIFE, Lew meets Jennifer in clubhouse after a match. He refused to travel for the Australian team unless she could accompany him.



SUGGESTION TO WIVES: "Dress up" dinner tonight... serve a cigar with his coffee.

EVER NOTICE? A MAN WHO ENJOYS CIGARS ENJOYS LIFE

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September



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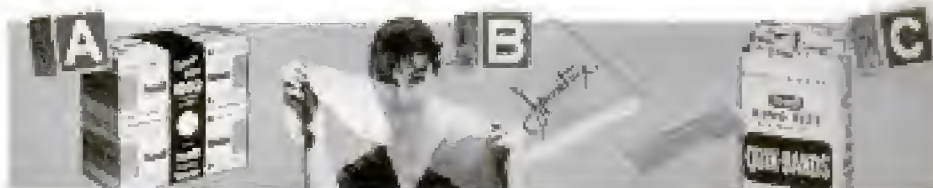
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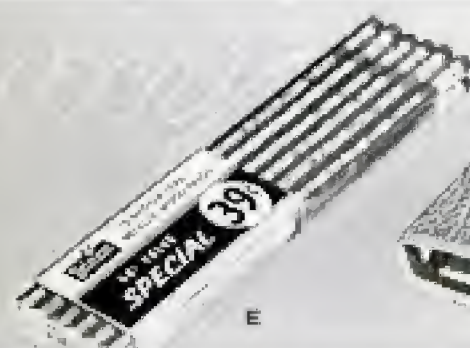


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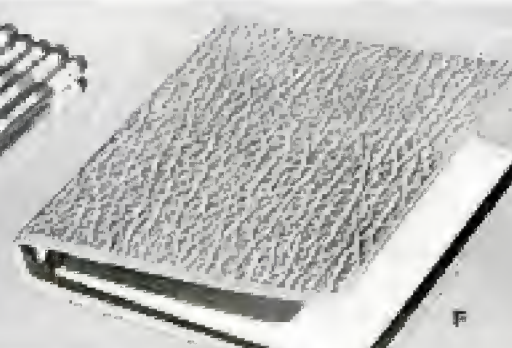
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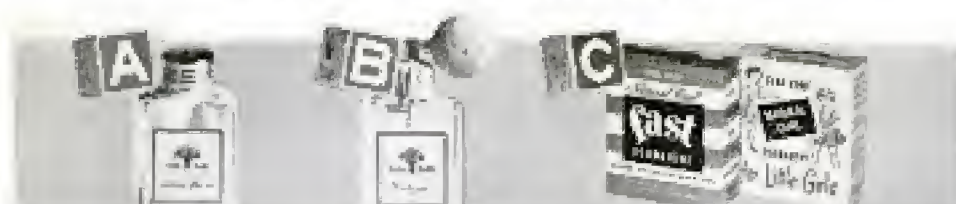


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AN EDITOR'S HARD AND

Famous newspaperman relives his bittersweet years: rushing the growler for Grandpa, reading in a frozen attic bedroom, the wisdom of a penniless father who was his hero

Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the Cleveland Press, is one of the great newspapermen of the U.S. Yet he has achieved his eminence as a big-city editor mainly because of his insistence on remaining a home-town boy; he is Cleveland's greatest booster and most ardent civic leader and is so well known to everyone in town that he is generally given the nickname of "Mr. Cleveland" (LIFE, March 13, 1950). Now he has written an autobiography in which he shows how he got that way, how his hard, humble beginnings stamped on his character a love for all kinds of people which has never left him. This fondly remembered account of his boyhood days will be a part of Seltzer's book, The Years Were Good, which will be published Oct. 29 by The World Publishing Company (\$4).

MY father wrote and published well over 40 books. Another 200 of his stories were printed in magazines. Many of them were made into Hollywood movies. But when I was 7 years old, not a line of his writing had ever been bought by anyone.

Manuscript after manuscript would go out, each neatly wrapped by my mother. In each package there would be enough postage to return it to our address, and the stamps represented the cost of a meal for our family. And time after time they came back. It got so that by simply sighting the postman a half block away we all knew what he'd hand us.

Then one day there was a change in the routine. Mother got up very early, as she always did on washdays. Father called to her in protest. Their voices, through the thin walls of our little three-room frame house, awakened me. I came to the door.

"Can I please get up, Mother, too, so's I can finish my kite?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But first you can do something for me," Mother said. "Get me a couple of pails of water from outside."

There wasn't much room in the kitchen. In one corner was a potbellied stove which kept the house fairly warm in winter. In the other was a coal range, where my mother heated up all the water for washing and cooked our food.

Father came into the kitchen, hitching up his galluses.

"Ella, can I do anything to help?"

"Yes," Mother said. "You can keep watch for the postman this morning. That'll be your job. Somehow I have a premonition something is going to happen."

"Daddy," I begged, "would you help me get my kite up?"

Obligingly, Father held the kite in the street. I ran a half block

away. At my signal, he let go and I sprinted. The kite slowly went into the air, caught the current and spiraled swiftly up until all my string had been let out. For a couple of hours I sat on the curb, completely lost in contemplation of my triumph.

I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the postman, Mr. Saunders.

"Louis, I have something here for your father," he said. "Would you want to take it in?"

Suddenly awakened from my lazy dreams, I recalled my mother's feeling that something was going to happen.

"You better take it, Mr. Saunders," I said. "I'll have to get my kite down. Mother wants it—she wants it right away, I think."

My excitement grew. I tied the kite string around a fence picket, and ran as fast as I could to our house. I got there just as Mr. Saunders walked up the stone flagging to our door. Mother was waiting for him. She took one look at the envelope he handed her and let out a shriek that could be heard all over the neighborhood.

"Charlie, Charlie—children, children, children, come here, quick!"

Everybody came tumbling into the small parlor where Mother stood, her eyes wide in excitement, her hands shaking.

Father looked at the envelope. He looked at Mother. He looked at us. I wondered for an instant if he was going to cry.

"Open it, Charlie, for goodness sake, open it—the suspense is terrible," Mother said, half crying, half laughing.

Father's nervous fingers tore at the envelope.

"Here, Ella," he said. "You open it. My hand is too shaky."

Mother took the envelope, and with one strong rip tore it open. A slip of paper fell out.

"A check, Charlie—a check," Mother shouted. The tension built up during years of sacrifice, based on her faith and confidence in her husband's writing, suddenly gave way. She let out a mighty Indian war whoop and started circling around the table, waving the check over her head. We fell into line behind her—all of us shouting, dancing, waving our arms and stomping.

Mother and Father embraced each other, the tears streaming down their faces, while we made a circle around them, still shouting and dancing. It took a long time for the excitement to subside. When it did at last, Father read aloud the short letter that Mr. Saunders had left at our house. I can still remember it word for word:

"Your short story, 'Mary Jane's Diversion,' is accepted by us for publication. It is an interesting story and well written. We are herewith inclosing a check for \$25, in payment thereof. We would be happy to have you submit others of your manuscripts."

The letter was from *Short Story* magazine.

When he finished, only Mother's subdued sobbing could be heard. Father put his arm around her, and said, "Ella, this is the beginning. Now I feel that I can do it."

Mother looked at him smiling through her tears. "Charlie, we will never cash that check," she said. "I am going to get Mr. Leroux to frame it, and we'll keep it—keep it always."

'Have I ever asked you for money, yet?'

MR. BELZ, the butcher, was beaming happily. "So I read in the paper Poppa has already sold a story, yes?" he said. His round, red face was creased with many pleasurable wrinkles. "Maybe now things will be different, yes, Mrs. Seltzer?" he suggested, half questioningly. "What will it be today, now? We have . . ."

But Mother interrupted him. "Mr. Belz, I must tell you something first. We haven't paid our bill yet and I'm afraid we can't."

I looked up at Mother. Her face had a strained expression.

"It's true Charlie sold a story," she said, "but selling one story after all these years, wonderful as it is, is not much help. We don't know yet what will happen. I know Charlie will try. . . ."

Mr. Belz leaned his fat arms on the counter, a deep frown on his usually friendly face.

"Mrs. Seltzer, I am surprised by you," he said. "Have I ever asked you for money, yet? Why should I be doing so now, please? Do I not know what you have been doing—do I not know about the brown



← SELTZER REVISITS HIS BOYHOOD HOME, REFURBISHED BY PRESENT OWNER

HAPPY BOYHOOD

by LOUIS B. SELTZER



IN THE ATTIC THAT ONCE WAS HIS BEDROOM, LOUIS SELTZER HOLDS AN OLD KEROSENE LAMP LIKE THE ONE BY WHICH HE USED TO READ LONG INTO THE NIGHT

paper, the way you've been working to help Charlie? I am ashamed you should bring it up. And now, Mrs. Seltzer, what are we going to have today, yes?"

He reached over the counter and put his big, pudgy hand on Mother's rather gently. "And I suppose we will also want some more brown paper, will we not?" he asked.

When we got home Father was waiting for us. He had run out of paper, Mother put her market bag down, fished out the brown butcher paper Mr. Belz had given her, and whacked off a sheet.

Having thus satisfied Father's immediate need, she went rather deliberately about the job of converting the big roll of paper into manuscript sheets. She folded the paper like an accordion until she had a large pile in front of her. Then she went to the kitchen drawer and got out her breadboard. On the underside she had grooved a deep and perfect rectangle the exact size of the expensive paper they

could not afford to buy at Alderson's Stationery Store. She carefully placed the pile of paper on the breadboard and weighted it down with a paving brick. Then she started the sharp tip of the knife around the groove, feeling her way with the knife's edge. In a surprisingly quick time she lifted off the brick and picked up a neat stack of about 20 sheets.

Patiently she repeated the process until, at the end of a half hour, she had prepared approximately 250 sheets—a supply that might last Father perhaps a week or 10 days. Mother placed it in a box at Father's elbow on the table, stopping long enough to kiss him lightly on the forehead as she did so. Father looked up, smiled appreciatively, and then went on with his work.

Father had had very little education. He did not finish the second grade in public school in Columbus, Ohio, where his family had lived before they moved to Cleveland. When Father was a small boy he

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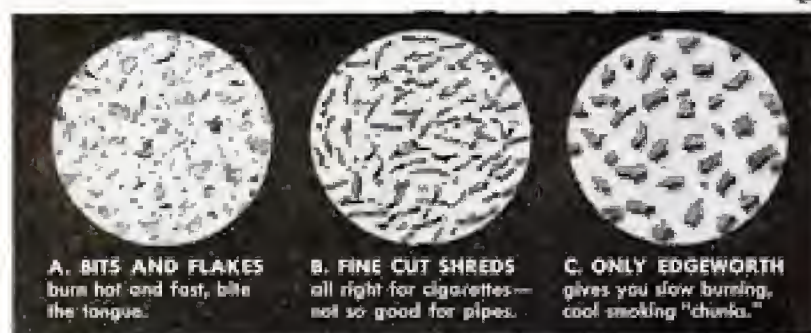
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FATHER who never got beyond the second grade imbued his son Louis with love of good books of all kinds.



MOTHER had even less schooling than Father, but she knew the Bible very well and often quoted from it.

BOYHOOD CONTINUED

run away from home and joined the Sells-Floto Circus as a water boy for the elephants. Thereafter he was successively steeple-jack's assistant, floorwalker in a five-and-ten-cent store, railroad brakeman and handyman, and cowpuncher in New Mexico. For several years he was an itinerant typesetter and a writer for small-town newspapers.

ONE day in October, when Mother had brought in a new supply of butcher's brown paper, Father wrote steadily for hours. He took out very little time for dinner. Restlessly he walked up and down outside for a breath of fresh air, while we all washed the dishes as quickly as possible. Then he eagerly took up his place once more at his "desk."

I don't know how long I slept that night, but I was awakened by Mother shaking me roughly.

"Louis, Louis—wake up. Run for Dr. Medlin, quick! It's Daddy—something's wrong—something's awful wrong!"

I got into my clothes faster than ever before, and dashed through the kitchen toward the door. On the way I was shocked to see Father lying on the kitchen floor beside his little desk. Mother was wiping his forehead with a cold towel as I raced out.

From our house to Dr. Wendell Medlin's was about a half mile. I ran at breakneck speed, almost falling several times as broken pavement or rocks got in my way.

At last, exhausted and out of breath, I reached Dr. Medlin's house. I pounded the heavy iron knocker against the door. A flickering light came on at last, and an irritable voice sounded: "I'm coming—I'm coming."

And Dr. Medlin, a large, heavily built man, appeared in the doorway. He was wearing a long, flowing nightshirt with a startling pattern on it which under other circumstances would have made me laugh.

"Who in tarnation is it?" he asked, looking at a level above my head, evidently expecting to see an adult. He looked down and saw me. "Why Louis, it's you! What's wrong, son?"

"It's Daddy, Doctor—it's Daddy. Mother says for you to come right away, please."

Dr. Medlin turned around and made for his bedroom. "Louis, you wait out by the barn for me. I'll be there right away," he called over his shoulder.

Obediently I went to the barn. Soon Dr. Medlin appeared, still buttoning his coat, carrying his black case.

"Get up in that one," he instructed, nodding toward the two-seater carriage.

With quick, sure movements he led the dapple gray horse, *Rameses*, from his stable, moved him into his traces, deftly fastened the leather harness and climbed into the driver's seat.

"Giddy-yap, *Rameses*," he ordered, and the horse moved out of the stable, up the drive and into the street at a quick pace.

In front of our house Dr. Medlin didn't even bother to tether his horse. He went straight to the kitchen where Father was still lying on the floor with Mother hovering over him.

"Hello, Ella," he said. "What's happened here?"

He opened his black bag, brought out his instruments, and gently rolled Father over on his side.

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DOWN THE STREET where as a boy he waited for postman to bring his father a check or a rejected manuscript, Louis Seltzer now takes a leisurely walk.

BOYHOOD CONTINUED

"I don't know, Doctor," Mother said. "I heard him fall, I came out here, and there was Charlie on the floor—right where he is now. He hasn't opened his eyes since."

"Well, don't be excited, now, we'll find out in a minute."

It seemed an eternity to me before Father opened his eyes, looked bewilderedly around the kitchen, and then asked, "What happened?"

Mother rushed over to Father and took him in her arms.

Dr. Medlin quietly said to Mother, "Charlie has been working too hard. He's got to stop writing for a while—for maybe a few weeks, even longer."

Mother explained that she hadn't been able to do anything with Father for months now—"Ever since he sold that first story," she said. "It's write—write—write all the time. I was afraid something would happen."

Together they helped Father to bed.

That was the year I grew up, even though I was only 8. I took my place in the household as a breadwinner. I got up before day-break to carry papers before school. At noon each day I carried Mr. Bell's warm lunch to him from his home up on West Twenty-Fifth Street to his barbershop on Fulton Road, a distance of three quarters of a mile. At night I carried the evening paper—the *Cleveland Press*—and to wind up the day I worked in the grocery store across the street until it closed. And I made a firm resolve that one day I would be a writer like my hero, my father, and a newspaperman.

GRANDPA Lucien Bonaparte Seltzer and Uncle Ray came to live at our house that winter soon after Father's serious illness. Ray, like Father, was a carpenter by trade. He had a rich baritone voice, and when on summer evenings we would all sit around the well at the side of our house, Uncle Ray, Father and Grandpa Lucien Bonaparte lifted their voices in song and we would sit listening, enthralled.

"I wish you men would stop singing that stuff to these children," Mother would sternly complain to the three men. Their choice of music was not always elegant, and their harmony was somewhat stimulated by periodic trips across Fulton Road to Bill Noss's saloon for white-capped pails of beer.

"Rushing the growler" was a pleasant part of such summer evenings for us children. As each pail of the amber fluid was exhausted, Grandpa would squint an eye at one of us, and in a confidentially lowered voice would pick out the next courier: "Louis, it's your turn now. Tell Mr. Noss to fill it up just enough to give it a white froth over the top. And don't spill any of that precious liquid on the way back."

Each time we went through the swinging doors into Noss's saloon we stopped at the big wicker basket of pretzels, at the near end of the bar, and stuffed our pockets. The barkeeper seemed to have eyes in the back of his head for, without appearing to look our way, he would say, "All right, Louis, that's just about enough, son. We'll have to leave some for the customers now, won't we?" And then he would ask, "What'll it be for those to-meat waiters across the street—more of the same?"

Grandpa and Uncle Ray converted the attic, very small at best,

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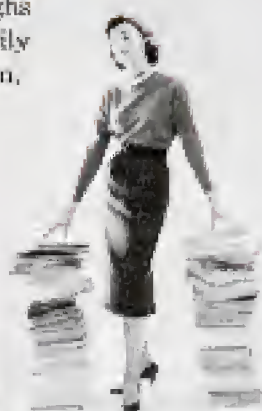


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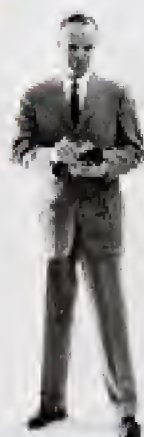
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BOYHOOD CONTINUED

and with the roof sloping abruptly on both sides, into two "bed-rooms." The larger of the two they fixed up for themselves. We were curious about the other until it was almost finished, and Mother explained, "Louis, you are to have a room upstairs with the menfolks," she said, obviously, I realized later, trying to soften any unhappiness I might feel at being removed from my customary place with the rest of the family.

At night we three, Grandpa Lucien, Uncle Ray and myself, climbed up through the trap door to the attic, using a stepladder built especially for the purpose, and took up our not altogether comfortable residence. There was no heat except what the chimney gave from the kitchen stove. The ladder was left up all night and Mother said, "It's up to you folks to light your own way because I can't have a candle or an oil lamp a-burning in this kitchen all night. Now git, all of you, and you, Grandpa, see to it that this young man gets to sleep at a reasonable time. You know how he is—he'll stay up all night reading. Especially," she added, looking significantly at me, "if he knows I can't see the light from my room."

Our first night in the attic we might just as well have been sleeping outside. It must have been down around zero, and heavy snow was falling. I bundled myself up with all the bedclothing Mother supplied until only my eyes and nose were free. On the floor beside the little cot they had put in my room—a "room" just big enough for the cot and a kitchen chair beside it for my clothes—I had my kerosene lamp. I had made sure that it was well filled and that the wick was neatly tapered. I had my own ideas of how much reading I would do up in my new room.

Father's reading plot

THAT attic stands out in my memory still, for it was there that I got the best part of my education. One afternoon, when I came in from my paper route, I overheard Father talking from his bed to my grandfather, and thus I learned by accident that he was contriving to guide my reading habits. "I want that boy to read good books," Father was saying, "just like I read. There's a library card around here somewhere, and I want you to go up there and get Louis the books on this list. When he's finished with them I'll jot down the titles of some more."

Somehow the fact that I had overheard Father's plot, instead of arousing my resentment, deepened my interest in the things he wanted me to read.

"How did you find this one?" Grandpa would ask me, with an innocent smile on his face, feigning his part in the plot rather well.

"It's wonderful, Grandpa," I would say. "Have you ever read it?"

"Well, no, can't say as I have," he would reply. "But I know somebody who has." I knew without his telling me who that "somebody" was. It was Father.

"Better ask him," Grandpa said. "He'll tell you how he liked it, and maybe he'll tell you something about it you didn't notice." That was the second step in Father's plot, and I saw through it only because I had discovered the first. Thus he introduced me to the wonderful host of books which he had read during his life, together with others that now, in his enforced quiet, he was able to read; and he also taught me how to read them, how to get the most out of them. He told me a lot of things about his own way of educating himself, and about the discipline of constant and wise reading. My childish admiration for him increased, even though I could not at the time completely take in the tremendous accomplishment of this almost totally uneducated man over the beauty of thoughts and words.

One day when I climbed up to my attic room after school there were three very large books on the chair. I opened one of them, a large Bible filled with full-page illustrations. Pinned to the first page was a note from Father.

"Son, in this little game you and I are having of reading good books I want you to know something that is really important. . . .

"In the Bible is all of the goodness and wisdom and inspiration any of us ever need in life. You have been reading some good books. I think you have learned to appreciate them instead of the trash in the cheap books they're printing nowadays.

"I have read the Bible many times. I can't remember really how many. It must be at least a dozen times. I first read it when I was your age. Grandpa did for me what I am trying to do for you. He gave me a Bible and in reading it I found, as I am sure you will, that it is the best book of all.

"It may seem hard to read at first. There are things in it you won't understand, and if you have any questions about it I want

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FOUR GENERATIONS of Seltzers gathered for a snapshot in 1919. From left are Louis' father, grandfather Lucien Bonaparte, Louis and his son Chester.

BOYHOOD CONTINUED

you to ask me. I am going to leave the Bible up in your room now for a long time. I hope you will read it many times, as I did, and as many other good people have. It gets better each time you read it again. It is filled with wonderful stories. Love, Dad."

WHEN I was just going on 13, and in the fifth grade at Denison School, I reached a decision. I made up my mind to leave school and get a job. I knew Mother and Father weren't going to like it, but everything I saw around the house, and everything I had heard for weeks previously, convinced me I had to do it.

I sat eating my breakfast, watching the worried expression on Mother's face as she moved about the kitchen. Even the breakfast this morning was a reason for me to go to work. It consisted of corn meal mush and hard bread. I knew the bill at Friedl's Grocery hadn't been paid for several months.

We had moved from the small frame house near Belz's Butcher Shop into a larger house on West Thirty-Ninth Street. Father had sold enough stories to justify this move, but he still was not earning enough to avoid the ups and downs of the irregular arrival of checks from magazines. We were still in a tight place.

At first Father refused flatly to listen to my proposal.

"He wants so much to help," I heard Mother tell Father, as they sat one night in the front room.

"I know," Father said, "but it's not right. I wish I had stayed in school. Things would be better for all of us if I had."

Finally one night we talked it over. Father seemed more serious than I had seen him for some time. "Remember, son, what we decide tonight will have a very important bearing on your whole life."

I nodded. "I understand, Dad."

Running his hand through his great shock of black hair, he said, "I wonder if you really do, son—that's the trouble. You do seem older than most boys your age—and you understand most things better than they do. But we have to be sure we're doing the right thing."

When he was finally convinced that I had made up my mind, Father got up and put his arm around me, saying, "All right, son—but let's understand this. We'll go along this way for a while, and if things go good for us, you'll go back to school again one of these days."

We told Mother what we had decided. She looked from one to the other of us and began to cry. Without saying a word, she put the end of her apron to her eyes, and went out. Father watched her go, then sat as if gathering his thoughts.

"Son, sit down. We've made an important decision tonight. Now I want to talk with you. I want you to listen carefully to what I say and remember it for the rest of your life."

He paused for a moment. The room was quiet as a church. Then Father started talking, leaning back in his swivel chair, puffing at his meerschaum pipe.

"Son, this is a world of people.

"You must always remember that. Life is not simple for people. It is hard. There are very few people in this world whose lot is secure and peaceful and untroubled with cares and worries. It seems

CONTINUED

Ever take a good look at your real self?



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BOYHOOD CONTINUED

that for the privilege of living on this earth most of us must bear some kind of cross.

"No two people are alike. That is at once the strength and the weakness of the human race. There are all kinds of people; and they are doing all kinds of things—barbers, lawyers, coal miners, writers (like your father), ditch-diggers, doctors, thieves, motor-men, clerks, policemen.

"A good part of the time people are doing what they want to do; and some of the time, unfortunately, they are doing what the circumstances of life compel them, whether they like it or not, to do.

"Whatever you do in life when you grow up, always remember that. If you are doing something in life that you like to do—remember that somebody else may be doing something he doesn't want to do. You may be happy at what you are doing. He may be unhappy doing what he's doing.

"Outward appearances are not an infallible measure of people's character. The well-dressed man or woman may be successful by social or economic standards, whereas lacking in qualities of character; and by the same token some man or woman, apparently broken on the wheel of life, may have qualities of character much more desirable and admirable.

"The more important thing to look for among people is character. You are apt to find it in the most unexpected places and people.

"There is something else to remember. As you grow up there will be many changes in the circumstances of life in this country. Nothing stands still. Right now, as we talk, times are bad. They will be good again. Then they will be bad again; and many people will be out of jobs, and the country will be in a turmoil. There will be wars and panics, and troubles of one kind or another. There always have been. There always will be. In everything that you do, in everything you think, always, remember that people are more important than any other consideration in the world. People make the world. The world does not make people.

"Remember, also, that because a man is not, by the measure of this world, recognized as a success it does not follow that he is a failure. Too many times it will be found that men of comparable abilities in like fields of work will turn out differently, because circumstances favor one and not the other.

"Each man, however, should make the utmost of what nature has given him. There is no excuse for failure there.

"Everything I have said to you tonight means this: People are, after all, the most precious, fascinating, important, useful, vexatious, and yet indispensable beings in the world."

'Something to remember it by'

FATHER stood up. "We better get to bed now, son, it's getting late," he said. "And some day, when I get a chance, I'll write out for you what we've been talking about tonight." (He kept his promise, and I have written it here as he wrote it then.)

I was almost asleep that night when Father came in, shook me gently and said, "Son, I forgot to give you something."

The object Father handed me shone brightly in a shaft of light from the hall. It was Grandpa Lucien's watch, the one he was given by his own father when he went away to the Civil War.

"I just thought that a young man who is making a very important decision for himself and his parents ought to have something important to remember it by," he said. He patted my head, and walked out of the bedroom.

It was a long time before I finally went to sleep, with Grandpa Lucien's watch in my hand.

THERE was only one job I wanted, if I had my choice. That was on one of the newspapers. I wanted more than anything else in the world to be a reporter.

When Father's first story was published, a reporter and a photographer were sent out to our house on Seymour Avenue.

I listened to the interview and watched, fascinated, as the photographer set up his tripod, screwed his camera on top of it, put a black hood over it, filled a tray with flashlight powder, and posed Father and Mother on the flowered davenport in our small living room. The flash went off with a big boom, and a heavy cloud of smoke filled the whole house. Mother had to open all the doors to get it out.

I asked the reporter every question I could think of about the newspaper business. To me he seemed a great adventurer, a man who lived in another world where things of importance were always happening.

Father suggested that I try the *Leader*. It was dark inside the

CONTINUED

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This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.



"IT TAKES MORE THAN BRAINS TO GO TO COLLEGE!" says Bob Perkins. *It takes money. And when his two young sons reach college age, the money will be there. The American Family Independence plan their Travelers agent helped Bob and Joan work out includes an education fund. And they have replaced many anxieties with new-found confidence—about their future security, and about such present values as their health, their home, their car.*

Bob Perkins, like most fathers, knows a college education is a real expense these days.*

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There are, after all, many things to spend his \$6,250 a year on. The Perkins' new \$14,600 suburban home (10% down, 25 years to pay). Their 1953 sedan. And, of course, food and clothing.

When Bob and Joan called in their Travelers agent recently, they raised the question of education for the boys.

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unbalancing their budget—Bob and Joan have been freed from many worries. With their Travelers man, they have planned adequate life insurance to protect the family if something should happen to Bob. This same plan can serve as a financial base for Bob's retirement.

There are provisions, too, for sickness and accident, protection of their home and car against damage, liability, theft.

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Of all the people in your town, perhaps none is better equipped to counsel you than your Travelers agent or broker, for The Travelers offers *all kinds* of insurance. Why not call him?

*For facts and figures, send for free booklet, "If They Have the Brains, Will You Have the Money?"

How the Perkins family uses its money

(monthly average, after taxes)

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Food..... | \$130.00 |
| Clothing..... | 27.00 |
| Housing..... | 80.00 |
| Insurance..... | 56.00 |
| Savings..... | 62.00 |
| Automobile & Travel..... | 29.00 |
| Household & Contributions.... | 50.00 |
| Medical..... | 15.00 |
| Recreation..... | 17.00 |
| Total..... | \$466.00 |

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BOYHOOD CONTINUED

building when I got there after school. There was only a faint light from the ceiling. An elevator came creaking down to the ground floor, with the man who ran it pulling a cable. It was open all around except for iron bars with a design like a big flower at the front.

When I got in, the sour-faced operator snapped out at me, "What floor do you want?"

"I don't know—the floor where the city editor is," I said, feeling my courage sink.

On the way up he didn't say a word. Neither did I.

"Over there," he directed, when the elevator reached the third floor. The sign on the door ahead said: "Editorial Offices." Cautiously I pushed it open and slipped inside.

I wasn't prepared for the sight that met my eyes. It was a big office, the biggest one I had ever seen. There were many people in it, all rushing around. Typewriters were clattering. People were shouting. I stood paralyzed just inside the door. It opened again behind me and I jumped hastily out of the way as a big man came in.

"What can I do for you, son?" he asked.

"Sir, I came to see the city editor about a job," I said, and after I got the words out sweat broke out all over me.

"All right, son, I'll take you over to him," the man said. "What's your name?" he asked.

I told him. He looked at me again.

"That's a familiar name," he said. "There's a Charles Alden Seltzer who writes short stories. Are you related to him?"

I was never more proud. Suddenly all my courage came back.

"Yes, sir, he's my father," I said.

"My name is Slayton—Victor Slayton," the man said. "I write editorials for this paper. I met your father once." He put his hand on my shoulder. "Come on along with me, son, and I'll introduce you to the city editor. His bark is worse than his bite."

I went with Victor Slayton to the far end of the crowded room.

"Sam, here's a young man who has come in looking for a job," Mr. Slayton said.

The city editor, I later learned, was named Sam Anson. He was big and redheaded, and to me he looked definitely unfriendly.

"He looks like a good boy to me, Sam," said Mr. Slayton, patting me on the shoulder and walking away.

"Well, young man, what is it?" the city editor asked.

"Sir, I want to be a newspaper reporter," I said, and then quickly added, "I would like any kind of a job that you have open—any kind."

"We haven't any jobs open for reporters," he said. "And you're just a little too young for that kind of a job. We might have a job for you, though—a job as office boy. The work is hard. The hours are long. We could give you \$3.25 a week."

I couldn't believe my luck.

"Do you want it?"

"I do—I do—I do," I said, repeating myself so rapidly that, in spite of himself, he smiled.

"All right, when can you come to work?" he asked.

"Right now, sir," I said.

"That's fine, but not necessary," he said. "You come to work next Wednesday—the first of the month. This is a morning paper. We start our day at noon. You report to me at noon—and no telling when you'll leave."

I thanked him and reached out my hand to shake his, but he had already turned to someone else at his desk.

I went over to a corner where I saw Mr. Slayton sitting at a desk.

"I got a job as an office boy," I told him. "I just wanted to thank you, sir."

I walked slowly out of the big, noisy room. This, I thought, is the newspaper office I had dreamed about almost since I could remember. It was the first time I had ever been in one, and it wasn't quite like I had imagined it. It was bigger, noisier, more confused, disorderly and dirty. But I liked it. It thrilled and excited me. The only thing I regretted, as I walked out of the city room toward the elevator, was that my first day at work seemed so far away.



AT 12 Louis Seltzer was an ambitious, hard-working copy boy who put in 12 hours each day at the *Cleveland Leader*.

CONTINUED

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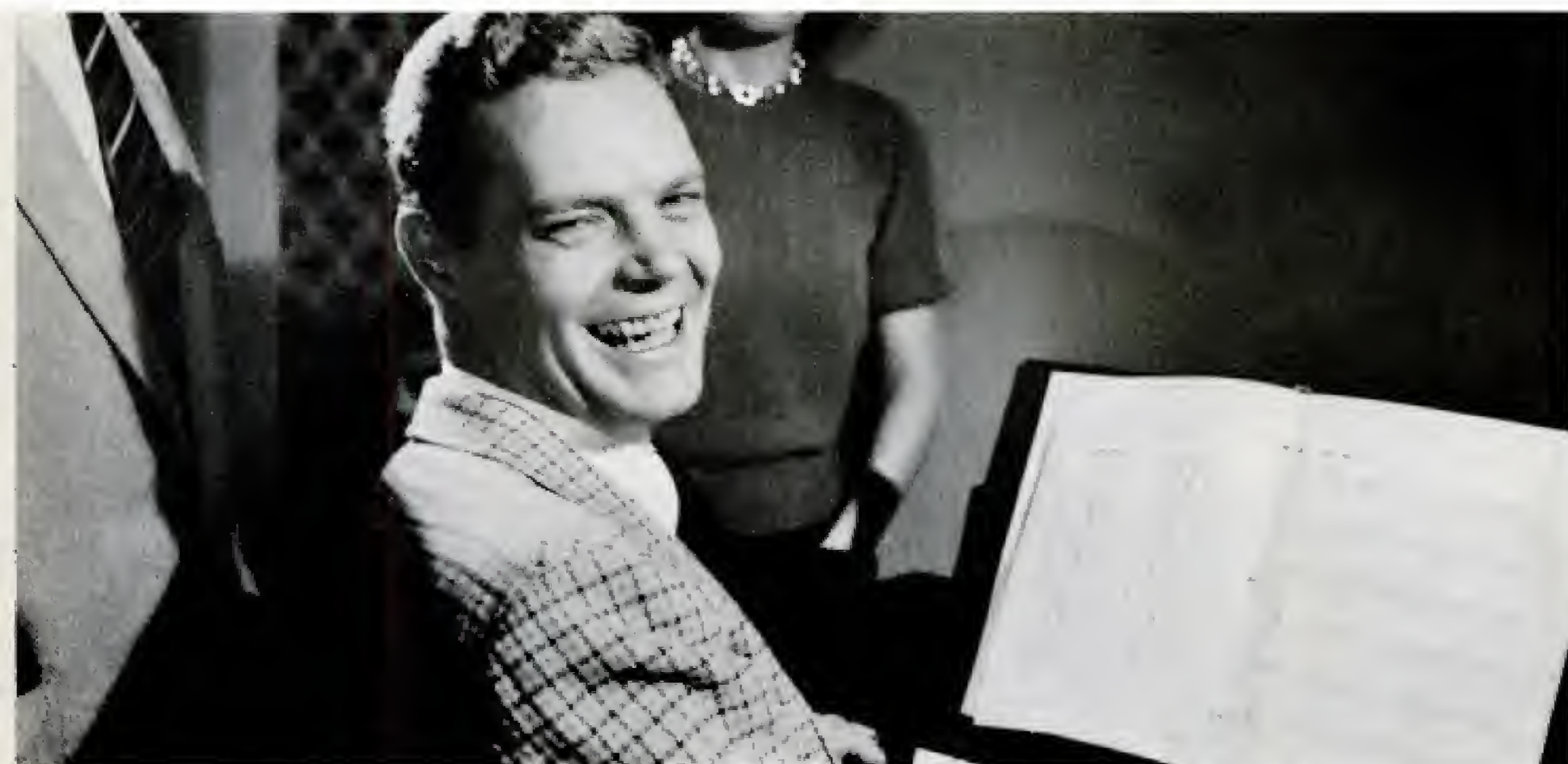


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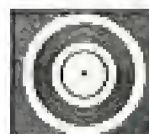
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FIRST BOSS was Sam Anson, city editor of the Cleveland *Leader* who hired Louis as a copy boy at 12, promoted him to reporter when he was only 13.

BOYHOOD CONTINUED

HANG your cap over here," Big Ed directed me, pointing to a coat rack in the corner. Big Ed Huneker was 18 and had been there for two years. He was not only head office boy, but he was the boss, and he knew it.

I had been on my job for only 10 minutes, and already, in Big Ed, I had run up against my first problem. I determined that no matter what he said or did I would go along with him on it. I was willing to overlook anything.

Big Ed showed me around, pointing out who everybody was and telling me what I was supposed to do. I made a list.

"What's the matter, can't you remember anything?" he asked.

"Yes, but I just want to be sure," I said.

Somebody shouted, "Boy! Boy!"

Big Ed said to me, "Go over and see what he wants."

The man on what Big Ed told me was the copy desk was holding up a sheet of paper.

"Composing room, in a hurry," he said.

I didn't know where that was. Big Ed hadn't told me. As I hesitated, a short, fat man looked up from the next desk.

"Lost, kid?" he asked, smiling. "Here, I'll show you the way. You'll have to learn sometime. You're new, aren't you? What's your name?"

I told him. He repeated it, laughing.

"That's good," he said. "Seltzer—Bromo Seltzer. That's your name, is it? That's good, Bromo Seltzer."

When we got to the composing room, he showed me around, and introduced me—always as "Bromo Seltzer."

From noon until dark I was kept busy, rushing everywhere. I filled paste pots, ran copy, went after sandwiches and beer, carried big, heavy canvas mailbags from the post office two blocks away. In the late afternoon the make-up editor sent me down to the pressroom in the basement of the building, carrying a batch of white sheets with lines and numbers on them. I didn't know what they were, but the pressroom foreman snatched them from me and instantly started to pass along instructions. I could hardly tear myself away, but I knew I had to keep jumping.

About seven o'clock, when Big Ed said it was time for me to eat, I headed straight back to the pressroom and crept into a dark corner behind long rows of big rolls of paper. It smelled good—the paper and the ink. In the light around the presses I could see men working. They had on overalls and paper hats shaped like boxes.

Nobody bothered me. I was all alone. And I had a front-row seat at the show I wanted more than anything else in the world to see. I sat in the dark corner, absent-mindedly eating the banana mother had put in my box lunch, and watching the men "dressing" the presses under the lights.

A loud bell rang. Switches were thrown. The big presses started. They began to thunder. The paper started to roll through them. The roar increased, and the basement began to shake. My heart began to pound as I sat forward, straining my eyes to watch.

Now I knew, at last, I was in the newspaper business.

I went back upstairs to work. It was an exciting evening. The paper put out an extra on a big fire, and I watched, absorbed, the process of getting a newspaper together under pressure.

I got home the next morning at five o'clock. I knew already that I would never go back to school.

CONTINUED

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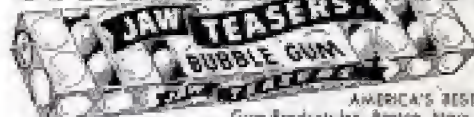
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BOYHOOD CONTINUED

ONE day six months after I went to work at the *Leader*, I was on my way from the old City Hall with some copy. Just as I reached the Public Square an old, open-sided streetcar hit a Burns and Bowie Pie Wagon drawn by a couple of dapple-gray horses. The streetcar in turning had hit the pie wagon with such force that it split it almost apart. Burns and Bowie's best pies in all varieties and colors spattered the Public Square. People were picking up the pies, laughing, and having a lot of fun. Some boys were happily cramming down pie as if they were in a contest at a picnic.

I knew it was a story. I also knew that I had copy to get to the *Leader* on time. What was I to do? I spotted a Postal Telegraph messenger standing at the curb, watching the catastrophe, and rushed over to him saying, "I'll give you twenty-five cents if you will take this envelope three blocks to the *Leader*."

He agreed. I then went over to the policeman who was in charge. When I told him that I was from the *Leader*, he looked at me and smiled in disbelief.

"What's your name, son?" he asked.

"My name is Seltzer, and I am a reporter," I told him, more boldly than I had ever said anything to anyone before.

Perhaps even then he didn't believe me; but he did answer a few questions I asked, and I got the names of the people involved and other facts.

I went over to the wagon driver and got an inventory of what his wagon was carrying when it was hit by the streetcar. I went over to the motorman, and from him got a firsthand description of how it felt to spray the Public Square with a large batch of Burns and Bowie pies. Then I went back to the *Leader* office. The instant I walked in I knew I was in trouble. Mr. Anson glowered at me.

"Where have you been—and what do you mean sending a Postal Telegraph messenger here with copy you are supposed to deliver yourself?"

I waited until his wrath had run down somewhat, and then I explained. He listened, and he was interested.

"Should I give this to somebody, Mr. Anson?" I asked.

"No, no," he said, shortly. "Sit down and write it yourself."

It was fortunate for me that I had practiced on Father's battered old Woodstock. I sat down at a vacant desk and spent a long time writing the story.

When I had finished the story, I took it over to Mr. Anson. As he read it, he used his big black pencil on it, taking a word out here, and putting one in there. He looked up.

"That's a nice little story. We'll use it just the way you wrote it."

Two things happened the next day. I proudly showed Father and Mother the front page of the *Leader* with my pie story—and my first byline. I also went home at dinner time—instead of eating in the dark, exciting recesses of the pressroom—to tell them that I had been promoted.



VETERAN REPORTER at 17—and looking the part in his dapper straw hat—Louis Seltzer became a political writer for the *Cleveland Press* four years after this account ends. He was city editor of the *Press* at 19, became editor at 31.

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Alexandria Weiss & Golding
New Orleans Maison Blanche

MAINE
Lewiston Ward's

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston Jordan, Marsh
New Bedford Byron's
Revere Lunick
Springfield Peerless
Worcester Harper's

MICHIGAN
Flint The Vogue
Lansing J. W. Knapp

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis Dayton's

MISSOURI
Kansas City Macy's
Springfield Plimmer's
St. Louis Famous & Barr

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Binghamton Sisson Bros.
Buffalo J. M. Adam
New York Oppenheim Collins
Rochester McCurdy's
Schenectady Wallace's
Syracuse Addis Co.
Utica J. S. Wells

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Durham Baldwin's
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OHIO
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Cleveland Bailey's
Dayton Elder & Johnston
Springfield Bonall's
Toledo La Salle & Koch
Youngstown McKelvey's

OKLAHOMA
Tulsa Seidenbach's

PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg Pomeroy's
Philadelphia Oppenheim Collins

RHODE ISLAND
Providence Peerless
Providence Gladding's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston Karrison's
Columbia Kahn & Co.
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Kara-Lon cardigan about \$6, slip-on about \$4, unconditionally guaranteed washable, shrink-proof, color-set and mothproof by Brownie Knitting Mills, 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



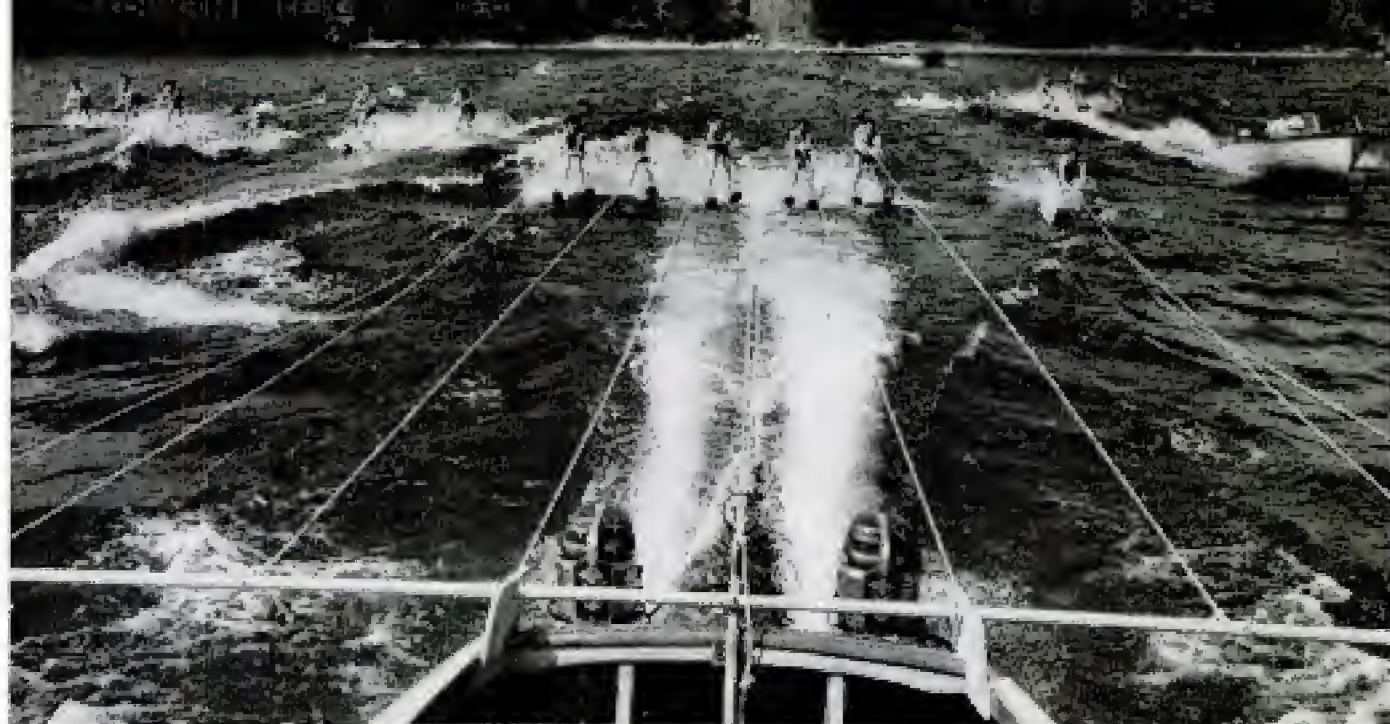
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IN TOW BEHIND THREE SPEEDBOATS, 14 YOUNG NEOPHYTES MAKE THEIR FIRST SKI RUN. RESCUE BOATS TRAIL BEHIND

Skittish Day for Skiing Novices

SMALL BOYS TAKE ONLY 14 MINUTES TO DISCOVER FUN OF A TRICKY SPORT

The day the water ski expert came to Camp Strongheart on Wisconsin's Lake Tomahawk turned out to be one of the most exciting of the whole summer. But when he first showed up, the 7- to 15-year-old boys attending the camp thought that his proposal was utterly preposterous.

In just one easy lesson, promised Buddy Boyle, he could teach the boys to stand upright on two wooden slats and ride in

the frothy wake of a motorboat—like the resort pamphlet pictures. The skeptical boys, none of whom had ever been on water skis, spent four minutes at dry runs on land and five minutes practicing take-offs in the water. Still another five minutes of tutoring trying out behind the moving speedboat and they were actually skimming across the lake (*above*)—but not before some watery pratfalls and some apprehensive moments (*next page*).

BRACING FOR A SPILL, BILL STRAUSS, 14, WEARING A "JILLY BOY" LIFE PRESERVER, GASPS AS HIS SKIS SHOOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM DURING HIS FIRST TRY



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SKIING CONTINUED



MAKING ANOTHER TRY, BILL STRAUSS (PRECEDING PAGE) STARTS A RUN THAT THIS TIME ENDS SUCCESSFULLY



JOHN STEIN, 14, TENSES AT START OF FIRST TOW



DAVID STORR, 14, GETS SET FOR SIGNAL OF "GO"

PHILIP WISE JR., 12, WEARS A NOSE CLAMP AND A WORRIED LOOK AS AN INSTRUCTOR HELPS HIM ON A TAKE-OFF



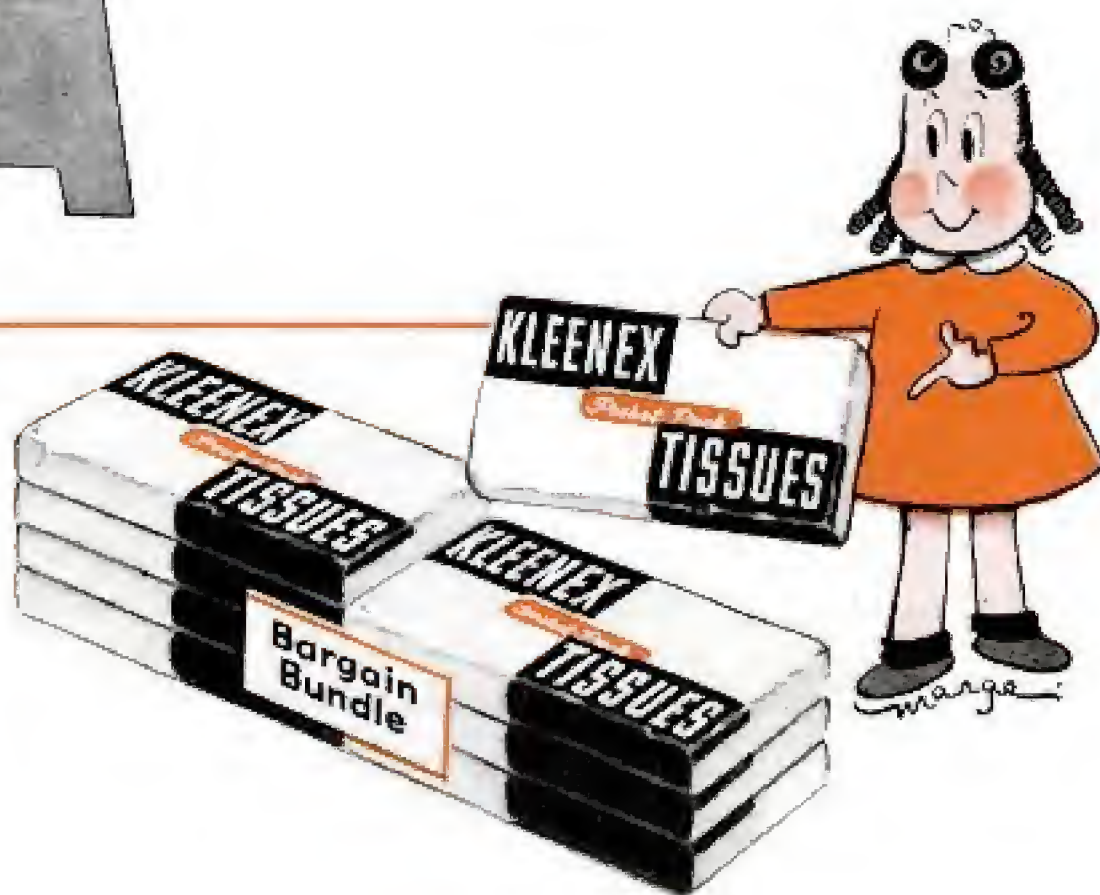
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By LITTLE LULU

Some youngsters shine at staying neat,
while others lack the knack—
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from colds to spills to candy—
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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



SILENT SIRENS BY THE SEA

Japanese photographers' models come small, graceful and delicately beautiful. However, some of them tend to show up scandalously late for appointments, and often they have no other excuse than a murmured *samimasen* (sorry) accompanied by several deep and respectful bows. Photographer Shuji Ishii managed to avoid these troubles by using department

store dummies when he sought to perpetrate a seaside joke. There were some drawbacks. The dummies had a westernized look, like those in most Japanese stores, and they stood rather stiffly. But they were never late, held their poses for hours on end and had complaints about nothing, even when the photographer decorated one of them with a fake bird.

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